Egyptian Occultism

Ancient Secrets of Paranormal Powers

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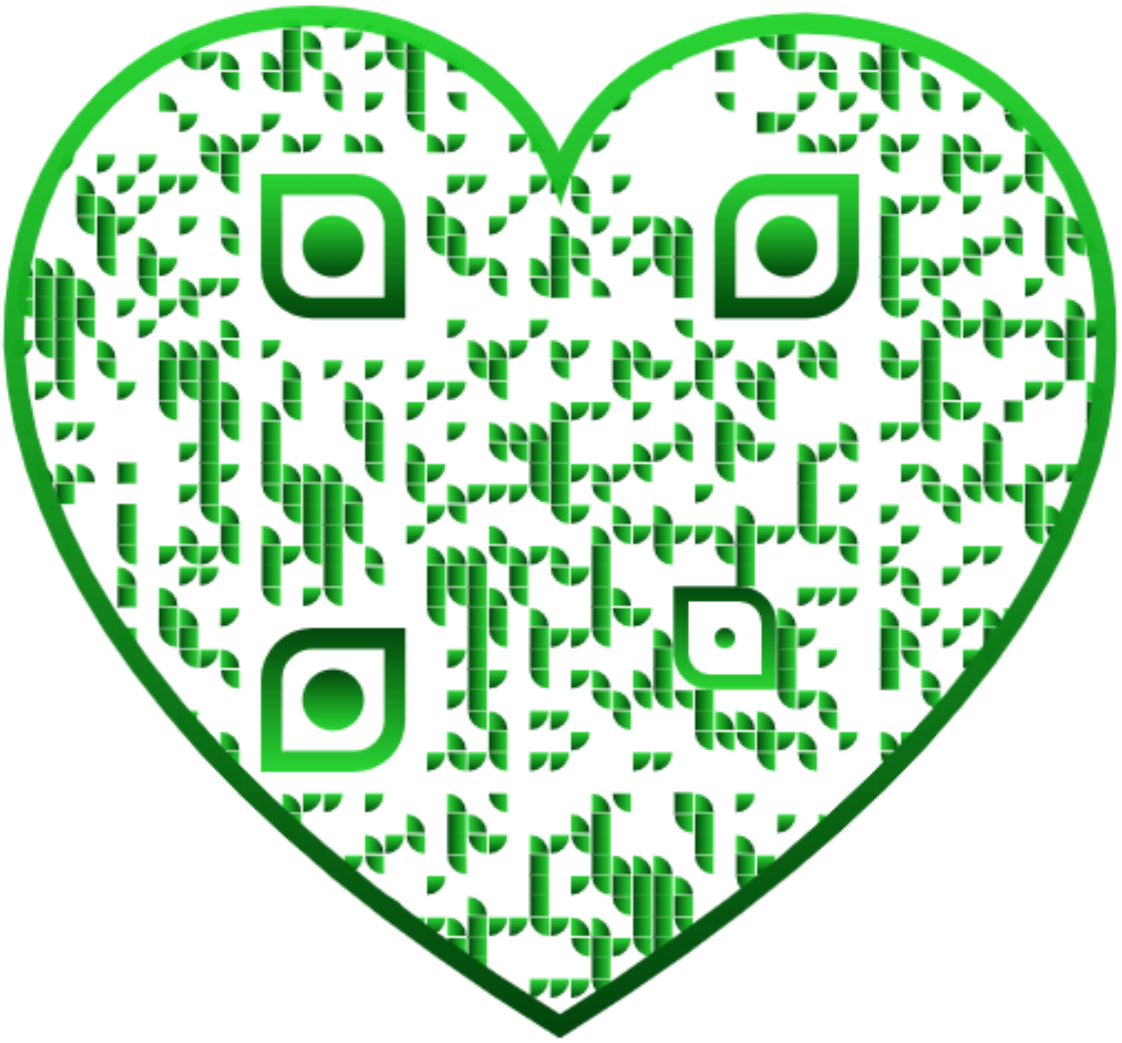

Egyptian Occultism

Ancient Secrets of Paranormal Powers

From the Great Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten*,
in the Era of *Amenhotep* III & *Amenhotep* IV
(*Akhenaten*)

The Journals and Field Notes of M.G. Hawking

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COVER ART: The *Utchat*, Ancient Egyptian depiction of '*The Eye of Horus*.' Also referred to as 'The Third Eye' or 'The Inner Eye,' a concept referring to an occult power providing perception transcending the ability of ordinary sight, symbolizing a state of mental awareness sufficiently enlarged to perceive images having deeply spiritual or esoteric significance, and/or the ability to perceive images beyond the conventional limitations of space and time.

"*Through the Eye of Horus I shall see the reality of the world burning with fire before my eyes*." — Hieroglyphic Inscription, Pyramid of *Teti* I, circa 2330 B.C.

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"Experience is the product of the mind—your conscious thoughts and images —propelled into being by feelings; it is also a product of unconscious thoughts and feelings. These together form the reality that you experience. You are therefore <u>not</u> at the mercy of a reality that exists apart from yourself, or is thrust upon you." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten,* circa 1368 B.C.

"The world is a construct of our mind's sensations, perceptions, memories. It is convenient to regard it as existing objectively on its own. But it certainly does not." —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

<u>Foreword</u>

This book explores the unparalleled power and mysterious achievements of Ancient Egypt through the discovery and translation of an occult manuscript, '*The Golden Crown,*' a creation of the Egyptian Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten*, who authored her masterpiece under the patronage of the great Kings *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*) over three-thousand-three-hundred years ago.

Fragments of the occult knowledge revealed in *Kalika-Khenmetaten's* writings have at various times through the ages appeared in the more profound Eastern philosophies and secret wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that enables true paranormal power has an ancient and almost certainly a conjoint origin. In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various formats, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters.

The writings of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* are absent nothing—they are all-encompassing. Under the patronage of the successive kings *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV, *Kalika* produced her first manuscript, *The Golden Crown*, for important reasons. It sets forth essential principles of consciousness and techniques to enable and master the paranormal powers that inevitably accompany a growth of conscious awareness.

We acknowledge the immense debt owed to Champollion's decipherment of early Egyptian writings, along with the labors of all the scholars who

followed. Without those devoted efforts, *Kalika's* manuscript would remain incomprehensible, and the book you're reading would not exist. Inspirational and richly enlightening, the story of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* is one of the most epic in history, and her writings reveal the profound knowledge and power of the masters of those distant ages. For '*The Golden Crown*' to have been nothing more than an artifact from the dawn of civilization—pages on pages of symbols, the meaning of which remained unknown—would have robbed the world of a great treasure, the infinite riches of our inheritance from a great master of an ancient age.

Introduction to '*Egyptian Occultism*'

Never has the world become so fascinated with an ancient mystery as it did following the 1798 expedition of young Champollion with young Napoleon to Egypt. Napoleon returned empty-handed, but Champollion came back with the greatest enigma of the ages in his grasp.

The recovery of Ancient Egypt is one of the most brilliant chapters in archeology. The Middle Ages knew of Egypt only as a Roman colony and a Christian settlement; the Renaissance presumed that civilization had begun with Greece; even the Enlightenment, though it concerned itself intelligently with China and India, knew nothing of Egypt beyond the Pyramids.

Egyptology was a by-product of Napoleonic imperialism. When the great Corsican led his French expedition to Egypt in 1798 he took with him a number of academics and engineers to explore and map the terrain, and made a place also for certain scholars strangely interested in Egypt for the sake of a better understanding of history. It was this group of men who first revealed the magnificent temples of Luxor and Karnak to the modern world; and the elaborate *Description de Egypte* (1809-13) which they prepared for the French Academy was the first milestone in the scientific study of this majestic, forgotten civilization.

For many years, however, they were unable to read the lordly inscriptions surviving on the monuments. Typical of the scientific temperament was the patient devotion with which Champollion, the "Father of Egyptology," one of these savants, applied himself to the decipherment of the mysterious hieroglyphics. He found at last an obelisk covered with such "sacred

carvings" in Egyptian, but bearing at the base a Greek inscription which indicated that the writing concerned Ptolemy and Cleopatra. Guessing that two of the hieroglyphics, often repeated with a royal cartouche attached, were the names of these rulers, he made out tentatively (in 1822) eleven Egyptian letters; this was the first proof that ancient Egypt had an alphabet. Then he applied this alphabet to a great black stone slab that Napoleon's troops had stumbled upon near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. This "Rosetta Stone" contained an inscription in three languages: first in hieroglyphics, second in "demotic" (the popular script of the Egyptians), and third in Greek. With his knowledge of Greek, and the eleven letters made out from the obelisk, Champollion, after more than twenty years of labor, deciphered the whole inscription, discovered the entire Egyptian alphabet, and opened the way to the recovery of an astonishing lost world.

Champollion's work was one of the peaks in the history of history. The ability to translate innumerable inscriptions found on the walls of ancient monuments, temples, tombs, and documents has provided us with surprising insights regarding the civilization of the Ancient Egyptians. Yet profound mysteries remain.

Immense volumes have been written to expound our knowledge—and conceal our ignorance—of the origin and powers of the culture of Ancient Egypt. No one knows from whence the early Egyptians came. Extant records of their history, preserved through the centuries, although voluminous, when translated reveal no record of a mythic or heroic age, as all normally emerging civilizations inevitably have. Archeological records indicate that the Nile region was at that time only sparely populated by a people slowly graduating from a Paleolithic to a Neolithic stage.

Yet no people, ancient or modern, have conceived of building a civilization on a scale so sublime, so great, so grandiose, as the Ancient Egyptians. Their technology of architecture, agriculture, metallurgy, and engineering; the invention of glass and linen, of paper and ink, of the calendar and the clock, of geometry and the alphabet; the excellence and sublimity of sculpture and the arts; the refinement of dress and ornament, of furniture and dwellings, of society and life; the remarkable development of orderly and peaceful government, of education; the advancement of writing and literature, of science and medicine; the first clear formulation known to us of individual and public conscience, the first cry for social justice, the first widespread

monogamy, the first monotheism . . . all elevated to a degree of superiority and power that has seldom, if ever, been reached since.

"*Ancient Egypt, through the solidarity, the unity, the disciplined variety of its magnificent achievements, its unexcelled artistic products, and through the enormous duration and the sustained power of its effort, offers the spectacle of the greatest civilization that has yet appeared on the earth. We shall do well to equal it.*" —Gabriel Faure

Vast mysteries shroud the sophistication of Ancient Egypt: How did a small stone-age culture suddenly ascend to create perhaps the greatest civilization of known history? How were their monumental and wholly unprecedented accomplishments achieved? What long-forgotten knowledge, abilities and powers could have given rise to the glorious culture of Ancient Egypt?

A clue to these mysteries may be found in the following passage from *Kalika-Khenmetaten's* manuscript, '*The Golden Crown*':

"The power of creativity flows through you as effortlessly as your breath. From it even the tiniest portions of your outer world spring into your experience. Your thoughts and inner images have realities that spread outward; they group through attraction, building up areas of circumstances that finally coalesce in forms that you perceive as objects or as a series of events. Some images and thoughts are translated into seemingly material structures that you call objects; these exist, in your perception, within a framework you call space. Others are translated instead into structures you call events, in your perception these seem to exist within a framework you call time. Both space and time are illusions, yet they represent your most basic assumptions, which simply means that you accept both and assume that your reality is rooted in a series of moments in time and in dimensions of space. In this way your inner self is translated into your outer world." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Some three-thousand years after *Kalika* revealed that knowledge, four legendary scientific minds put it this way:

"*All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness. The mind is the matrix of all matter. I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from consciousness.*" —Max Planck, originator of Quantum Mechanics, Nobel Laureate

"*The world is a construct of our mind's sensations, perceptions, memories. It*

is convenient to regard it as existing objectively on its own. But it certainly does not." —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

"*The stream of knowledge is heading toward a non-mechanical reality; the universe looks more like a great thought than like a great machine. Mind no longer appears to be an accidental intruder into the realm of matter, we ought rather hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter. Get over it, and accept the inarguable conclusion. The universe is immaterial, it is mental and spiritual*." —Pioneering physicist Sir James Jeans, quoted in the journal *Nature* 436:29, 2005

"*The distinction between past, present, and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion*." —Albert Einstein, Nobel Laureate

Probing the Paranormal

"*Everything we call real is made of things that cannot be regarded as real*."
—Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate

Both the science of physics and the philosophy of metaphysics have vital roles to play in reaching a working understanding of paranormal abilities such as psychokinesis or extrasensory perception. Physics fulfills the role of putting this understanding on a firm scientific foundation, and metaphysics has—as both its primary purpose and its only legitimate reason for existing—the role of answering of humanity's most fundamental existential questions. Religion has never really done this, even though it vociferously claims to do so.

If you understand, as do quantum physicists, that space, time, solidity and separation are illusions, and believe, as do some ninety-two percent of people, that our consciousness transcends death, then you've reached the realization that our five senses perceive and communicate to us only a tiny fraction of what actually exists, and that our current conceptual model of physical reality falls far short of encompassing all that truly exists. This of course applies as well to all the countless paranormal phenomena that have been observed and described since the very threshold of history, and that modern researchers consistently observe in experimental settings, including telepathy and clairvoyance, telekinesis and psychokinesis.

Insofar as the scientific study of paranormal phenomenon, the history of experimental evidence goes back several centuries and is unnecessary to discuss here. Far more relevant is the modern evidence emerging from respected institutions utilizing state-of-the-art technology. As one of numerous examples, the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research program, which operates under the aegis of Princeton University's School of Engineering and Applied Science, with the agenda of studying the interaction of human consciousness with sensitive physical devices, systems, and processes, and developing complementary theoretical models to enable a better understanding of the role of consciousness in the establishment and manipulation of physical reality. See, e.g., Jahn and Dunne, A Modular Model of Mind/Matter Manifestations, *Journal of Scientific Exploration*, Vol. 15, No. 3, 2001. Robert Jahn, Ph.D., is a plasma physicist, Professor Emeritus of Aerospace Science at Princeton University and Dean Emeritus of The School of Engineering and Applied Science, Vice President of the Society for Scientific Exploration, and recipient of the Stuhlinger Medal. Jahn was one of the founders of the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research Lab.

One of the Princeton studies utilizes an apparatus that allows 9000 polystyrene balls to drop through a matrix of 330 pegs, scattering into 19 collecting bins. As the balls enter the bins, exact counts are accumulated photoelectrically and recorded by a computer. Subjects are asked to concentrate on shifting the developing distribution of balls to the right or left. Although the subjects generally do not believe that they can actually influence the distribution, and have no real idea of how to focus their consciousness to do so, over thousands of experimental runs the results reveal significant statistical deviations from chance expectations, differing from a baseline random distribution by a margin that defies the odds by billions-to-one. Psychokinetic effects are observed at the atomic level as well, demonstrated by subjects focusing on a computerized random number generator, causing it to go non-random in a fashion that defies the odds, again, by several billion-to-one. The same results were achieved even with the subjects located thousands of miles from the laboratory setting. See, Jahn and Dunne, On the Quantum Mechanics of Consciousness, With Application to Anomalous Phenomena, *Foundations of Physics*, Vol. 16, No. 8, 1986.

Over three decades, the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research laboratory published more than 60 research papers, with funding from

prominent supporters such as Laurance Rockefeller, legendary for his philanthropic institutions, among them the Museum of Modern Art, Rockefeller University, and the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center; and James S. McDonnell, founder of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation. Not unexpectedly, given the nature of their work, numerous expert panels examined the laboratory's work and results over the years, looking for irregularities of any kind, yet their findings consistently reported that the lab's work was conducted with precision and accuracy. "*For 28 years, we've done what we wanted to do*," Dr. Jahn noted in 2007, adding, "*If people don't believe us after all the results we've produced, then they never will*."

These and many other research projects, both private and governmental, in the U.S. and abroad, have revealed psychokinesis as manifesting effects on a macroscopic scale, i.e., at the level of our everyday world of buildings and books, cars and people, of events, experiences and circumstances; as well as on the microscopic scale of elementary particles where macroscopic objects and events originate, and may manifest effects on a vastly larger but experimentally unverifiable scale as well, planetary, galactic and universal, with all energy and matter having the intrinsic feature of quantum consciousness (Scaruffi, 2006; Pribram, 1991; Lockwood, 1989).

The philosophical study of the paranormal falls under the auspices of metaphysics, a term that originally referred to the writings of *Aristotle* that came after his writings on physics, in the arrangement made by *Andronicus* of Rhodes about three centuries after *Aristotle*'s death (322 B.C.). Traditionally, metaphysics refers to the branch of philosophy that attempts to understand the fundamental nature of all reality, whether visible or invisible. It seeks a description so basic, so essentially simple, so all-inclusive, that it applies to everything, whether divine or human or anything else. It attempts to tell what anything must be like in order to be at all.

A commonly employed and popular usage of metaphysics includes a wide range of phenomena that exists beyond the physical. Popular metaphysics embraces three traditionally contrasted, if not completely separable, areas: 1) Experiences of unity and oneness with the ultimate, commonly interpreted as God, Infinite Being, All-That-Is, et cetera; 2) the extension of knowing (extrasensory perception, including telepathy, precognition, and retrocognition); and 3) the extension of doing (psychokinesis and telekinesis). These concepts involve the primacy and powers of consciousness acting

beyond the field of human ability as generally recognized in the Western world.

The academic study of these fields has been known as psychical research, parapsychology, and more recently, psi research. As funding for scientific research into non-ordinary, psychic phenomenon often provokes frantic objections from the uninformed, it is sometimes cloaked under less recognizable names, e.g., as in the Princeton University studies where it is designated as "anomalies research," as good a description as any. The term *psi* comes from the 23rd letter of the Greek alphabet and is used as an informal abbreviation for "psychic phenomena." Psi refers to any ability to manifest apparently paranormal or psychic phenomena through the power of the mind or consciousness. (Psi is not an acronym and should therefore not be rendered as PSI.)

Scientific and philosophical studies do not, of course, address the conundrum that makes non-ordinary phenomena anomalous in the first place; it is rather their presumed incompatibility with our everyday conceptual model of physical reality. Those who follow contemporary developments in modern physics will however be aware that many features of quantum phenomena are themselves incompatible with our everyday conception of physical reality.

Many psi researchers see sufficiently compelling parallels between the special features of quantum mechanics and characteristics of psi to warrant serious consideration of those features as candidates for theories of psi. The development in quantum mechanics that has created the most excitement and discussion among physicists, philosophers, and psi researchers is the empirical confirmation of Bell's theorem, which states that any model of physical reality that is consistent with quantum mechanics must be nonlocal: Particles that have once interacted are entangled so that even when they are later separated by arbitrarily large distances, an observation made on one of the particles will instantaneously be correlated with what will be observed on its entangled partners in ways that are incompatible with any physically permissible causal mechanism (such as a signal transmitted between them).

Put another way, the classical assumption that nature works in a deterministic, mechanistic, "local" way is wrong—the theory of local causes fails, as initially demonstrated through the work of J.S. Bell (1964), John Clauser and Stuart Freedman (1972), Alain Aspect (1982), and many others since. We live in a nonlocal universe; once this was firmly established, many

aspects of quantum behavior, previously inexplicable, were in retrospect recognized as obvious signposts; the double-split experiment, the EPR "effect" (the Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen paradox), all forms of discontinuous particle behavior, quantum leaping and tunneling, et cetera.

What appears on one level of reality to be the result of random chance is actually the result of an ordering on a higher level of reality, appearances on the lower level to the contrary. Every step up to a higher level of reality is a step to a new order—indeed, this is (in physics) the definition of a level of reality. In this sense, events which are "separate" on one level of reality are correlated at the next higher level; "separate" events on that level are, in turn, correlated on the next higher level, and so on. This correlating influence or force operates through an instantaneous transfer of negentrophy (order or information) that takes place beyond space-time, with effects that can be located anywhere within space-time.

The meaning and import of this discovery cannot be overstated. The eminent Henry Stapp asserted that Bell's theorem (demonstrating the failure of local causes) and its proof constituted "*the most profound discovery in science*." Most physicists have come to agree with this estimate. David Bohm's judgment was telling: "We have yet to perceive a new order. We are in a position which is in certain ways similar to where Galileo stood when he began his inquires."

Over the past few decades, most of the fundamental assumptions about the fabric of physical reality have been revised in the direction predicted by quantum mechanics and genuine psi, which suggests that psi is the human experience of the entangled universe. Quantum entanglement as presently understood in elementary atomic systems is, by itself, insufficient to fully explain psi, yet the ontological parallels implied by entanglement and psi are deeply compelling.

Bell's theorem highlights a second prominent feature of quantum theory: The role that the act of observation plays in determining what will be observed. For example, the common-sense assumption that dynamic properties of a particle (e.g., its position and momentum) have definite values before they are actually observed is falsified by the empirical confirmations of Bell's theorem. Instead, the values of such properties remain only probabilities until the act of observation "collapses the quantum wave function" and causes the properties to acquire definite values. Even before Bell's theorem, it was

known that whether light behaves like waves or like particles depends on the conditions of observation. These features of quantum mechanics have led to "observational" models of psi in which it is not just the act of observation but the *consciousness* of the human observer that plays an active role in what will be observed.

It is just these aspects of quantum physics that cause some people to throw up their hands and ask: "*But how can it be like that*?" Among all the various paranormal phenomena, telekinesis and psychokinesis might seem to be the most anomalous because they not only challenge our classical conceptions of space and distance, as telepathy and clairvoyance do as well, but also those of time and causality. Although less well known than discussions of nonlocality, alternative conceptions of time and causality also constitute an active area of discussion within physics, as well as theories of the multiverse and the Many-Worlds-Interpretation of quantum mechanics as introduced by Hugh Everett, 1957.

The most fundamental reason that psychokinetic events might seem to us to be more anomalous than telepathy or clairvoyance is that we can relate the latter to familiar phenomena. That is, we have many everyday phenomena in which information travels invisibly through space and arrives as if by magic. The device you're likely to be reading on at this moment can serve as an example, be it a laptop, tablet, cellphone, Kindle e-reader or the like. Thus, even those who are not convinced that telepathy actually exists can still readily imagine possible mechanisms for it, such as electromagnetic signal transmissions from one consciousness to another. It is not so easy for a non-physicist to imagine possible mechanisms for psychokinetic events and influences, thereby leading to the puzzled query, "But how can it be like that?"

Unfortunately, even if quantum-based concepts of consciousness eventually mature from theories to genuine testable models, they will still not provide intuitively satisfying mechanisms for psi as quantum theory itself *fails to provide intuitively satisfying mechanisms for physical reality* simply because the physical reality that our five senses transmits to us is an incomplete illusion. Physicists have learned to live with that conundrum but most non-physicists are simply unaware of it; they presume that they don't understand quantum physics only because they lack the necessary technical and mathematical expertise. This is not the case, something people need to

understand and so be reassured.

Richard Feynman, one of the most distinguished physicists of the twentieth century and winner of the Nobel Prize for his work on quantum electrodynamics, put it this way: “The difficulty really is psychological and exists in the perpetual torment that results from saying to yourself, ‘*But how can it be like that?*’ which is a reflection of an uncontrolled but utterly vain desire to see it in terms of something familiar. Do not keep saying to yourself, ‘But how can it be like that?’ because you will get into a blind alley from which nobody has yet escaped. *Nobody knows how it can be like that*.” —Richard Feynman, Nobel Laureate

Be like what? Consider these insights from some of the greatest minds of history:

“*As a man who has devoted his whole life to the most clear-headed science, to the study of matter, I can tell you as a result of my research about atoms this much: There is no matter as such. All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness*.” —Max Planck, originator of Quantum Mechanics, Nobel Laureate

“*The universe does not exist ‘out there,’ independent of us. We are inescapably involved in bringing about that which appears to be happening. We are not only observers. We are participators. In some strange sense, this is a participatory universe*.” —Legendary Physicist John Wheeler

“*Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms, for consciousness is absolutely fundamental. It cannot be accounted for in terms of anything else. Quantum physics reveals a basic oneness of the universe. Multiplicity is only apparent; in truth, there is only one mind*.” —Erwin Schrödinger, originator of the Schrödinger equation, Nobel Laureate

“*The universe itself has no single history, nor even an independent existence. That seems like a radical idea, even to many physicists. Indeed, like many notions in today’s science, it appears to violate common sense. But common sense is based upon everyday experience, not upon the universe as it is revealed through the marvels of technologies such as those that allow us to gaze deep into the atom or back to the early universe*.” —Stephen Hawking, Ph.D.

“*Quantum physics provides a modern version of ancient spirituality. In a universe made out of energy, everything is entangled; everything is one*.” —

Bruce Lipton, Ph.D.

Sources and Reference Citations

We thank all the readers who asked that we publish an expanded edition exploring the extraordinary wisdom and occult knowledge of *Kalika-Khenmetaten*. Our team at Wisdom Masters Press worked diligently to produce this special edition.

Regarding Sources: This book, *Egyptian Occultism*, contains excerpts necessarily drawn from books in the author's series, *In The Valley of Supreme Masters*, books One and Two, and their companion volumes, as well as containing previously unpublished material. However, it is specifically designed to be a stand-alone exposition; i.e., familiarity with the book series is not required.

Regarding Reference Citations: For readers who find that they would like to explore the complete background of any specific adventure, experience, or conversation found in this book, reference citations are provided where appropriate. The reference citations to various volumes and chapters of the book series or its companion volumes are offered not as authorities but as instances or elucidations of the material as it first appeared. Excerpts from some of those books are provided in Sections IV and V of this book.

Availability: Owing to the value of the material in these books, our goal is to offer them, and the knowledge and wisdom they contain, to as many hearts and minds as possible. To that end, please note that once every 90 days Amazon's policies permit us to offer one of our books free in the Amazon Store for two or three days. We do this as often as we can to assist our devoted readers and their family and friends, making it possible to obtain several of the books from Wisdom Masters Press at no cost. To be alerted to free book offers, please join our community mailing list here. Currently free books and discounts can be seen in our newsletter. Additionally, we provide manuscript copies for qualified Research Centers, and for Museum, Library, and University Collections.

- Section II: The Secrets of Paranormal Powers -

Author's Preface

These events surrounding the discovery, retrieval and translation of *Kalika-Khenmetaten's* manuscript occurred in a very remote part of our world. Sweeping in an immense arc across South Asia is the "Roof-of-the-World," the *Great Himalayan Range*. Beginning with Kashmir's 26,600 foot *Naga Parbat* and extending through Tibet's 25,445 foot *Namcha Barwa*, it comprises an uninterrupted 1,500 mile long stretch of mountains with over 110 peaks rising to elevations of 25,000 feet or more. The vast frozen fortress of the *Himalaya* cradles the most isolated areas of Earth's landmass; yawning gorges as deep as 16,000 feet and ice peaks towering nearly six miles high conceal remote, lushly forested valleys.

Years ago, while on an extended trek in an isolated region of the *Himalayas*, I chanced on a remarkable find. Surrounded by massive mountains so high as to appear nearly overhead, I encountered a beautiful small village called *Siddhalaya*. In that community I had the privilege of meeting and spending time with extraordinary men and women possessed of knowledge and powers virtually unknown to the Western world. These encounters marked the beginning of a series of amazing experiences, some of which you are about to experience for yourself.

Not long after my arrival in *Siddhalaya*, Lama Dhanaga and Lama Karpa, the resident lamas of the village, requested that I assist in retrieving a manuscript recently found in the highlands of Tibet, thought to have originated in ancient Egypt, written by a supreme female master. A primary source of that manuscript was said to be a set of exquisite marble tablets originating from an immensely ancient mid-Atlantic civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world. Through a sequence of adventures, the document was retrieved and transported to *Siddhalaya*. In this quest, I had the companionship of an extraordinary young lady, Sari, who was born and raised in *Siddhalaya*, and, during my first few weeks in *Siddhalaya*, had become my constant companion.

For interested readers, a later part of this book - Section III: Background - contains nine excerpts from the full account to provide the reader an idea of the events surrounding the discovery and retrieval of *Kalika's* manuscript, '*The Golden Crown.*'

The reader is reminded that this is not a novel, it is rather based on selections from my field notes and journals—recorded over a period of sixty-two months, primarily in Nepal—as gratefully enhanced and amended by the work and recollections of my companions. It has long been my practice to keep notes and journals, composed primarily of notable experiences and their implications, whether known, inexactly known, or purely speculative. The value of this practice became abundantly clear during my time in *Siddhalaya*. The events I herein endeavor to describe I do with the greatest care, yet I realize that one must have experienced them to fully comprehend them, and that is that.

With the deepest appreciation, I wish to thank the researchers and specialists of the numerous institutes, universities, libraries, and museums who so graciously provided us with irreplaceable encouragement, support, and assistance. And I must specifically acknowledge and thank a few of the superlative minds, past and present, whose knowledge and insights contributed essential background, perspective and insights to this volume: Albert Einstein, Nobel Laureate — Max Planck, Nobel Laureate, originator of Quantum Mechanics — Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate, co-creator of the Copenhagen Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics — Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate — Richard Feynman, Nobel Laureate — Eugene Wigner, Nobel Laureate — Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate — Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Laureate — Neil deGrasse Tyson, Ph.D. — Michio Kaku, Ph.D. — Carl Sagan, Ph.D. — the legendary John Wheeler, Ph.D. — and Professor Stephen Hawking, Ph.D., Director, Cambridge Centre for Theoretical Cosmology.

A link to a handy reference guide to the individuals mentioned in this book is located at appropriate places throughout the following chapters. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and chapters of this book are included following the reference guide.

Insights into the Profound Importance of Kalika's Manuscript

After Sari and I safely returned to *Siddhalaya* with the manuscript in hand, my initial insights into what the recovered document truly was, and its great

importance, came from Kenji, an individual surrounded by impenetrable mystery, at least according to my friend Sherpa Jampla, a resident of this remote village. Jampla once told me, after many cups of chang, that Kenji is many things, some unimaginable, but among them an immensely powerful shaman, a practitioner of the white magic arts of the old *B'on* religion. This is not staggeringly implausible, as such men certainly existed. The reference guide to individuals appearing can be found here.

"My friend," Kenji says, "I must tell you, it turns out that you retrieved a very valuable manuscript; two actually, both very exceptional. The lamas, poor things, were apprehensive of opening the box. I took the liberty, of course, and discovered a known but long missing manuscript along with confirmation of another manuscript whose existence is hinted at in two ancient literatures but has long been assumed to never have existed at all. Now I know differently."

"What is it?" I ask.

"Which one?"

"The text Chapadu found; the one we brought back," I answer.

"More than meets the eye, I can tell you that."

"Is it really Egyptian?"

"Yes," Kenji says, "and there is a commentary by *Sambhava*. He was at one time in possession of both, yet that is a long story," Kenji says. "We must convene over the text we presently have. Then we will discuss and explore all aspects of this extraordinary development. There may be more for you to accomplish."

* * *

Even though I've twice been in Kenji's high rooms, I'm having a bit of trouble navigating. I had forgotten the mystery of this place. Now I find the room; the door has a thin red stripe inlaid around the outside, and a symbol in the middle of the door of the same material.

Kenji's at the table. "Ah, you are here. Come with me," he says.

He takes me through a low doorway to an adjoining chamber. The room is windowless, about thirty feet square, book shelves on three sides, extending all the way to the ceiling, which must be twenty feet high. Of all the hundreds of books here, not one has a marking on its spine. In the middle of this odd room sits a heavy wooden table with two chairs. On the table is the box that contains the manuscript. Kenji motions me to sit.

“Tell me Michael, what do you see?”

“The box with the manuscript, the one we recovered from Chapadu.”

“Yes, yes. But on the box?”

“The cartouche of a king. *Neferkheperure-waenre Akhenaten*, actually *Amenhotep* IV, also known as *Akhenaten* or *Ikhnaton*.”

“Correct,” Kenji says. “And what else?”

“The usual dedication.”

“Can you read it?” Kenji asks.

“Let’s see . . .” I pull out some paper and a mechanical pencil. I’m rusty at this, but a minute of work and I have it. “Regnal year twelve under the person of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt *Akhenaten* living enduringly.”

“Good. And what does that mean to you?”

“The name, or the fact that the name is on the box?”

“First the box,” Kenji says.

“If the box was originally constructed to hold this text, it means that the document was written during his reign. *Akhenaten’s* rule is generally given as 1380 to 1362 B.C. Egyptologists amuse themselves by routinely moving such dates up and down by centuries, but if those dates are correct, this document was finalized during the latter part of his reign, in 1368 B.C.”

“Close enough; a decade or so scarcely matters. And the king?” Kenji asks.

“*Akhenaten* was a very unusual man. He altered the state religion, had the former god’s name chiseled out of all monuments, neglected the affairs of state, lost primary sources of revenue, built a new capitol, wrote some impressive poetry, utterly alienated the priesthood . . .”

“Yes,” Kenji interrupts. “That is correct. Yet there is more to the story. *Neferkheperure-waenre Akhenaten* was more than an unusual man, more than a neglectful military commander, and more than simply a thorn in the side of the established priesthood. His concepts and concerns were the result of the influence of an adept, one of the most exceptional in history. She was a trusted member of *Amenhotep* III’s inner circle, taught *Akhenaten* from early youth, was his spiritual advisor, and remained in Egypt for some time after his death. Her name was *Kalika* and she was brilliant. This manuscript is her work. Look here.”

Kenji opens the box, lifts the manuscript from it and unceremoniously drops it on the table. Egyptologists would cringe. “She worked on this text for many years. Completed long before 1368 B.C., it was dedicated in the

twelfth year of *Akhenaten's* reign to coincide with a special celebration. He was very proud of her accomplishment, and hoped to utilize it in support of his sweeping changes to the state religion. It is titled *The Golden Crown*." Kenji briskly flips pages to one with a drawing. "Do you recognize this conceptualization?"

The drawing, in a style typical to that age, depicts men and women working in the fields, harvesting fish from the Nile, producing artistic objects, milling about in a marketplace, chiseling stones, cutting blocks in quarries, laboring to construct enormous buildings under the relentless Egyptian sun; their faces are all turned toward the earth, toward their labors. Hovering above this mass of humanity there is a goddess, or perhaps an angel. She peers down at them. The artist masterfully portrayed her face to convey a look of concern and certain dismay, an expression that conveys her disbelief that no one sees her, no one responds to her. In her hand she holds out a golden crown, a crown she is offering to anyone who cares to look up. No one does. The emotional impact of this drawing is remarkable.

Kenji is watching me closely. "Ah, you do see. Of course. *Kalika* drew it herself. It captures much, does it not?"

"Yes," I mumble.

Kenji points to the bottom of the page. "Read the glyphs under the drawing."

Working this out will take some time. I start making notes.

Kenji sits patiently for a moment, then pulls the text away. "Never mind, I will read it. Listen carefully. 'Throughout our land, I see men plowing, fishing, toiling, disputing, suing in the courts, lending at usury, cheating and being cheated, running after gold or pleasure; each surrounded by a cloud of hopes, fears, illusions, follies, and hates; believing that gods and fate spin the web of life for each human atom, and each in turn waiting to be drawn away by the messenger of death. Men do not realize their own divinity or true nature, yet it lives within them, ever acting on each experience of their life. Were they to recognize this, they would find that their True Self hovers ever about them, like a magnificent angel, holding in her outstretched hands a priceless Golden Crown. Were they to reach out and take that Golden Crown, it would make each man who does so a Prince, each woman a Princess.'"

"Amazing," I say. "She paints a remarkable, if dark, picture of the human scene, and an impressive picture of the benefits of higher awareness. Who was she?"

“Like all great ones, she had many names. To those allowed to know her, her name of nobility was *Kalika-Khenmetaten*.”

“I’ve never heard of her,” I admit, “but I’m no expert on Egyptology.”

“Only those close to *Akhenaten* or his father would have known. She is met with in history only through the breeziest speculations of your Egyptologists. Some of them mistakenly believe that she was the third wife of *Akhenaten*.”

“You’re talking about the woman who was such a mystery. I’ve read about that.”

“There are many mysteries in the story of *Akhenaten*, his death, and the ones who followed. That does not concern us. Now, my friend, what I am going to express, I expect you to understand. If you feel that do not, then it is only because you do not wish to. The choice is yours, as will be the consequences.”

Kenji plops the manuscript in its box and we move to the front room. “Ah my friend, I know the time of *Akhenaten’s* rule seems to you ancient history. But, when I reflect upon it, to me it seems so recent, it comes so fresh to mind.” He turns and smiles. “*Kalika* was beautiful, you know, more than you can imagine. Much like Masteress Lemia. She was descended from the pure stock of those who came to the banks of the lower Nile. (The Nile is singular among the world’s great rivers in that it runs south to north; Kenji’s reference is to the portion nearest the Mediterranean Sea.) *Kalika’s* skin was radiant alabaster, her features perfect, her hair black and flowing, her eyes stunning green. Oh, she had a way about her, a grace, an innocence, a style that surpasses any woman I have ever known. And what a time it was! *Amenhotep* III was the consummate ruler, he had it all. Wits, guile, daring, military genius; he defined the concept of a king. He held Egypt in his hand, and that hand reached out to grasp much of the Mediterranean world.”

Kenji taps the table. “There were leaders in those times, my boy, true leaders. They cleared their path, they conquered the world. Now, what have we for leaders? Little to nothing. Democracy, for all its assumed benefits, chooses not the best leaders, but the worst.”

“Kenji,” I begin, “this manuscript, it’s over 3300 years old, why . . .”

“I am getting to that. Listen now. *Amenhotep* IV—*Akhenaten*—was neither the fool he is all too often portrayed to be nor was he hobbled by some presumed malady. He was rather a man of peace, living in days of war. *Kalika* awakened in him a higher awareness. *Akhenaten* was no politician, do

not mistake that. He was incapable of encompassing both his greater awareness and his responsibilities as the king of upper and lower Egypt. He was a failure at kingship, but a great success in his love for his wives and children and the people of Egypt. He recognized the oneness of all things, he symbolically identified the Light of the Universe with the sun—the solar disc—and his actions were in response to those awakenings. He disdained the priesthood, but underestimated their tenacity. But enough of *Akhenaten,* he is not our topic."

Kenji extracts the manuscript, turns a few pages, smiles. "*Kalika* was bold; her comment on the priesthood is revealing. Listen to this: 'The priests are so busy pridefully tending to their zoological pantheon and contentedly feeding the people a pabulum of diluted truth and strong superstition that they have no time to teach, even if they comprehended them, the true principles of life.'" Kenji stares at me through slitted eyes. "Does that remind you of anything?"

"Sure, some organized religions."

"Exactly. Now consider this passage, it is remarkably revealing." Kenji reads: "I have followed my purpose without forming a plan; I have known neither rule nor exception; I have many times found a means to relate the truth only to lose it again. But when I framed the fundamental principles, everything I sought for came to me. In the course of years I have seen my work begin, grow, and advance toward completion. If this work meets with success I shall owe it primarily to the grandeur and majesty of the subject, though I do not think that I have been totally deficient in genius. Yet when I have seen what the adepts of the People of the One have written on this subject before me, I have been lost in admiration, but I have not lost my courage. I too am capable. In this process, I have become something far different than I have ever before been. In revenge for my labors, my past has increasingly closed the door against me. I could have returned, years ago, had I allowed it, through a portal as wide as the entrance to *Karnak*; but as I spurred myself ever forward in this work, the opening narrowed behind me. The strong wind that blew after me out of my past began to slacken; today it is only a gentle draft that wafts about my heels, and the opening in the distance, through which it comes and through which I once came myself, has grown so small that, even if my strength and will sufficed to get me back to it, I should certainly find it impassable. As it is, there is no way back and no way around, but I have not lost my courage. Like the adepts of old, I too am

capable, and will find the way through."

Kenji gazes at me. "This passage, if you are perceptive, will tell you much about *Kalika*."

"It's very moving."

"Indeed it is," Kenji says. "She had vibrant life and great spirit."

"Kenji, I'm not clear on what the manuscript concerns, exactly, but it's clear what was happening to *Kalika* as a result of its creation."

"Yes, there was tremendous resistance to her efforts among those who were aware of them, often by the very individuals who should have been most supportive. She found herself betrayed at every turn. What is unfathomable is that this manuscript is only the first of two volumes. She went on to produce an even more profound work, one that most consider to be highly improbable. Her courage was invincible, truly invincible. *Kalika* labored to write *The Golden Crown* for important reasons. It is to some extent a manual, a comprehensive guide to reaching higher awareness, written by a supreme adept for adepts, but not only for adepts. She intended that it could be utilized by persons of requisite ability to reach, through their own efforts, significantly expanded levels of awareness. It sets forth essential principles of consciousness, methods of meditation, visualization, and techniques to master the creative abilities that inevitably accompany or engender such a growth of consciousness. Three millennia before *Gautama* (the historical Buddha, circa 563-483 B.C.), *Kalika* realized that greater awareness was a possibility for anyone possessed of sufficient intelligence and ability. *Kalika's* dream was to bring some degree of enlightenment to a greater number of people, to improve their lives and the lives of all. Then, as now, the vast majority of people ignored the existence of higher wisdom, disregarded the teachings of adepts, and denied their very existence as mythical."

Kenji gazes across the room, as if remembering. "The priesthood was no asset; they were obscenely greedy and ignorant. Their interest was in expanding their wealth, land holdings, and influence. Higher knowledge was not their purpose, it was their enemy. *Kalika's* goal was to create greater prosperity for all the people of Egypt. She knew that if she could assist the more intelligent among them in raising their awareness to the point where they realized their poverty and misery were the creations of their own beliefs, they could then reform those beliefs, encompass an awareness of virtually unlimited abundance, change the thoughts and images that arise within the framework of primary beliefs, and thereby experience far greater prosperity

and happiness. *Kalika* was relying on the successive kings *Amenhotep* then *Akhenaten* to be her allies in this noble endeavor. She was a sane woman who threaded her way with sane moderation among competing absurdities, and adjusted herself with great skill to the shortcomings of *Akhenaten*. Initially he was an ally; he took what he believed to be enormous strides toward accomplishing *Kalika's* goal: the change to a presumably monotheistic state religion, measures to limit the prestige and income of the established priesthood, the building of a new capital from which to rule, and so on. In the end analysis, we see that those very strides worked against him, and the mismanagement of the military affairs of state was most catastrophic. As more nobles turned against him, they turned as well against *Kalika*. When he passed, she was forced into isolation, but never gave up her grand goal. *Kalika's* additional purpose was equally noble, a result of her keenly felt concern that the influence of the priesthood, political upheavals, wars, and occupations threatened the preservation of the adeptic wisdom traditions, even their very existence."

"This *Kalika* actually existed? She seems unreal; I hardly know what to say."

"Then you will be eternally speechless when you hear the rest," Kenji says with his mischievous grin. He reaches into the box and extracts a second document. "This is the commentary written by the great *Sambhava*."

Editor's Note: According to historical tradition, the great master *Padma Sambhava*, after living for centuries in India accomplishing beneficial wonders, came to Tibet at the invitation of Emperor *Trisong Detsen*, to assist him and the Indian philosopher *Shantarakshita* in building the first monastery ever to take root in this remote land. Anticipating the great persecution of the ninth century that destroyed much of early Tibetan Buddhism, *Padma Sambhava* hid numerous texts throughout Tibet, including the *Book of Natural Liberation*. After the eventual restoration of Buddhism, the spiritual "treasure-discoverers" emerged, all of whom exhibited extraordinary powers of clairvoyance. They were often thought to be reincarnations of aspects of *Padma Sambhava* himself, or of his twenty-five major tantric disciples. Texts were found in caves high on cliffs, underground, in rocks and trees. All the rest were discovered at the right moment, that is, when people needed them the most. This tradition is in keeping with ancient Egyptian and Indian precedent, especially in the world of the great adepts. It is said that the entire

Universal Vehicle sutra and Tantra collection were discovered during the first century by the adept *Nagurjuna*, deep in the Indian Ocean. *Karma Lingpa* was the famous treasure discoverer of the fourteenth century, and is claimed by some to have been an incarnation of *Padma Sambhava*. He discovered the *Book of Natural Liberation* collection in a cave on the *Gampo Dar* mountain in central Tibet, sometime around the year fourteen-hundred.

Kenji gazes at me. “This document appears to chronicle the entire sweep of *Kalika’s* life. Keep in mind his accomplishments and his preeminently important writings as you listen to what he says.”

Kenji sips his tea, turns to the last page of the document and reads. “*Kalika* was no miracle, she was a fulfillment. Usually a supreme adept is the culmination of a specific tradition, method and development; his or her very superiority fulfills and exhausts a line of development, so that a period of imitation and stagnation inevitably follows. Then slowly a new mood grows and the wisdom tradition reasserts itself; new ideals and new techniques arise through the effort to find an original and freshly revealing expression. Never has this been more thoroughly true than with *Kalika*. Her achievements crowned the age and exhausted the line. The difference is that no one will ever equal what she accomplished with *The Golden Crown* and *The Crown of Light*. Though it may be possible to approach the clarity and brilliance of the former work, it is certainly impossible to surpass. The latter work is beyond approach. Therefore, when we speak of *Kalika*, the last word must be one of humility. We middling adepts, while presuming to analyze the work of such a supreme mind, must not fail to acknowledge her greatness. We need not be ashamed to revere heroes, so long as our sense of discrimination is not left behind. We honor *Kalika* because through an extraordinarily long and unimaginably challenging life, she created and produced, in so many ways, the greatest of all masterpieces. We see these works torn, so to say, from her spirit, heart and mind, leaving her weakened with their birth. We forgive her faults because we share them. Through the extant chronicle of her life, we see her creations, one after the other, as an immortal series, taking their rightful place at the head of all lasting shapes of beauty, profundity and significance. We cannot know what the Absolute is, nor fully understand a Universe so mingled of apparent good and evil, of suffering and loveliness, destruction and sublimely; but in the presence of such as *Kalika*, a mother birthing her literary masterpieces, a genius giving order to chaos, meaning to matter,

nobility to form and thought, we feel as close as we shall ever be to the One Life and One Mind that constitute the ultimate unintelligible intelligence of the world."

"Amazing," I say. "*Sambhava* was certainly impressed with *Kalika*. He's not known for his humility."

"*Sambhava* did not lack humility, he only found little use for it."

"What is *The Crown of Light*?" I ask.

"My friend, I will tell you what I can, yet recognize that from this point we move from the known to the speculative. I have never seen the manuscript of the second *Crown*. I know of only two that have; the Adept *Kalika* and *Sambhava*. As I have said, it has long been thought, long been hoped, to be nothing more than a myth, a project never truly begun, or begun but never completed. Yet *Sambhava* actually read it. It exists. He speaks of it only in generalities, and with a stern warning. Most simply stated, it sets forth a most profound knowledge, the ultimate knowledge of the nature of consciousness and what lies beyond, of the meditations necessary to achieve such elevated levels of awareness, and of the techniques necessary to access the ultimate powers of those attainments. There is no doubt that *Kalika* possessed such knowledge. She had access to the tablets of the People of the One, who dwelt on islands in the Atlantic Ocean, long disappeared. They possessed this knowledge far before the existence of what you think of as civilization. The tablets were brought to the land you know of as Egypt thousands of years ago. In her time, *Kalika* was one of few with the ability to read and understand those writings. She correctly believed that the tablets could easily be destroyed, and in any case felt that the ability to translate the tablets could be lost forever. She was determined to preserve the knowledge of the ancient civilizations for future generations, and apparently succeeded."

"Tablets that came from Atlantis?" I manage to ask.

"Call it what you will. It is a land of many names, destroyed so long ago that even those who should know better consider it only a myth. The tablets still exist, forty-nine in number. They are of marble, inlaid with intricate gold lettering, quite beautiful. The language is similar to what you saw on the chart we deciphered; like Senzar, only older."

"The tablets still exist? That's incredible. Where are they?"

"Michael, as often happens, your curiosity has reached an inappropriate level. Trust that they are safe."

"Is it possible for me to see them?" I ask.

"Ah, you confront me again." Kenji springs up and stares out the window. "Actually, I would like you to see them. I find them fascinating, and through your eyes I would be enabled to see them anew. But I am concerned that the experience would unsettle you. It would require that you comprehend things even farther beyond your experience than those which have recently caused you anguish. Perhaps undue anguish. It is part of your journey to encounter events that shatter your preconceptions of reality; were that not to occur, you could not expand your awareness. But there can be too much."

"I don't see how looking at tablets from Atlantis, or wherever, would cause me anguish. I love antiquities. The tablets give new definition to the term."

"The tablets are not the issue, really. It is where they are kept. To view them, I must take you beyond the gate, to a place where, in years beyond number, only a handful of people have been allowed. Many who are worthy have been denied access; the choice is mine. There are those who would be outraged if I took you there." Kenji sits down, still gazing out the window. "Actually, that has an attractive ring to it. I will consider it."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite,* ch. 4)

Initial Translations from '*The Golden Crown*'

Author's Note: The following passages from the manuscript of '*The Golden Crown*' by *Kalika-Khenmetaten* date to approximately 1368 B.C. (± 17 years). Our sincere thanks to University College London and the Petrie Museum of Egyptian Archaeology for reviewing and in some cases refining our original translations.

We begin here with our translations and the revelations we experienced as *Kalika's* amazing life, wisdom and knowledge were revealed. We ask that the reader take this and the next sections of this book slowly. The material, owing to its nature, possesses a depth that will take on a life of its own. I know that some readers, in their delight, will dash through the material in the imperative of discovery, but this is not the best approach. Take your time with this book, allow yourself to become accustomed to the concepts and absorb them slowly. The rewards can be enormous.

Introduced in this section are Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, a young lady who had become my constant companion shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya*. And our dear friend Mani, who was born in Tibet and raised and mentored in an ancient *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a true master of the 4000-year-old *Zhang Zhung* traditions of "magic." The handy reference guide to the individuals mentioned below is available here.

Light snow has been falling for a week, but today dawns crystal clear. Sari is snuggled against me, sleeping soundly. I leave her soft warmth and slip from the house to walk in muted morning light. The lake is turquoise glass—not a ripple mars its surface—the enormous *Himalayan* snow peaks and forest reflect with precision, a vast mirror of a vast panorama, an illusion of an illusion.

Through the rigid winter months we have been laboring diligently on the translations of *Kalika's* manuscript, *The Golden Crown*, starting early and often working late into the night. Thanks to our talented group, it has gone well.

Mani has been of impressive assistance. Each morning she treks through the snow to the gompa to make precise copies of pages from the original manuscripts, which the lamas wisely insisted must remain in a controlled environment. In the evening, she works on the translation of *Sambhava's* commentary. Sari has worked tirelessly; her research abilities and the insights she has offered have been invaluable. With her youthful vivacity, Sari's younger sister Shrina has helped as well; she cooks, keeps house, helps Mani at the gompa, and has on several occasions—surprisingly—pointed out something the rest of us overlooked.

Master R.K. has appeared twice to assist, with clarifying results. We now keep notes of the most difficult or contested sections should he appear again.

I have in my life undertaken many difficult tasks, but nothing that approaches this project. Every page of *Kalika's* text invokes a dozen questions of translation and interpretation. As with any translation from the ancient language of an ancient culture, problems abound. When a violin repeats what a piano has just played, it cannot make the same sounds, it can only approximate the same chords. It can, however, make relatively recognizable the same pattern of notes, the same air. As language too is an instrument, the process of rendering from one language to another language is far better conceived as a transposition than a translation, for translation

implies a word-for-word equivalency that absolutely does not exist across language boundaries any more than piano sounds exist in the violin.

Moreover, the concept of word-for-word equivalents is false to the nature of high philosophic expression, which consists not so much of words but of word-complexes, elaborate structures involving, among other things, symbolisms, analogies, denotations, connotations, relations, juxtapositions, and echoes of the tradition from which the speaker is relating. It is troublesome in common expressions and exceedingly difficult in philosophic elucidation to juggle such a complex across the barrier of the widely differing languages, one ancient, the other modern.

Despite the fact that precise meanings are veiled and every sentence is a hypothesis, we press on, deeply intrigued by *Kalika* and the emergence of brilliant passages. Her words have touched all of us somewhere, and some of us everywhere.

In a commentary found with *Kalika's* manuscript, the great adept *Sambhava* reveals a rich and fascinating picture of *Kalika*. Her origin unfortunately eludes us; though she was clearly a child of high degree, we hear nothing of her apparently noble or perhaps even royal lineage, only that she was raised in the royal court. Though separated in time from *Kalika* by over two-thousand-one-hundred years, *Sambhava* writes as if he personally observed her from youth, so intimate is the portrait.

The young *Kalika* was utterly unpretentious, insisting on living as much as possible out of doors; she majored in running, romping, swimming, sailing; ate simple food, wore simple clothing and altogether eschewed shoes. She did not relish traditional education; she disliked writing and fled from the difficulties of formal hieroglyphs. She quickly recognized the charms of reading, and read all the volumes of *Thoth* (Egyptian god of magic) as her bible. The portrait that emerges is of a young woman who was, like Shelley's wild-west wind, "tameless and swift and proud."

Showing astonishing abilities by the age of twelve, the young *Kalika* was summoned to live in a temple complex of the Egyptian high priests to receive advanced instruction.

Author's Note: The Egyptian *high* priests were not priests in our contemporary, pedestrian sense, but were rather the scholars and keepers of the most sacred knowledge and traditions, hence far removed from the everyday priests of the Egyptian orthodox religion.

Kalika convinced the Queen to refuse the bid. Instead, a succession of the high priests came to the royal palace to tutor her. She readily absorbed their knowledge, but would have nothing to do with the Egyptian orthodox religion, common priesthood, or their "zoological pantheon of absurdities," as she called it. *Sambhava* tells us that by the age of nineteen she had surpassed the capacity of her mentors, whom she often vexed by whimsically manifesting a variety of animals in their presence, a feat they found themselves unable to equal. At that point, the high priests were dismissed and a teacher of "supreme capacity" was invited to tutor her, from "*the sanctuary of the celestials at Karnak*."

Editor's Note: The probable nature of the teacher the "Queen" summoned from the sanctuary of the "celestials" at Karnak is covered in detail in our book, *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins*. Although the timeline is unclear, we believe the "Queen" that *Sambhava* refers to is actually the Great Royal Wife *Tiye*, principal wife of *Amenhotep* III and mother of *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*). Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt* are included later in this volume.

Although surrounded by one of the most opulent royal courts of all history, she disdained its luxuries, pomp and circumstance. She engaged an architect of the realm to construct a small dwelling on the grounds of the royal residence, and later another fronting a lake or harbor within the grounds of the *Malkata* compound. She was rarely seen at court. *Sambhava* tells us that she was granted, or usurped, freedom to travel as she wished. This, he feels, was a turning point in her development. She explored all Egypt, up and down the great expanse of the Nile, traveling with minimal escort and no outward indication of her status.

As the translation of *Kalika's* text proceeded, what emerged was quite different than what we expected. The text can be roughly sectioned into three parts. The first consists of stories and insights on a wide range of themes; the second details the specific portions of higher knowledge she felt most relevant and valuable; the third tells of her experiences while endeavoring to introduce this knowledge to a selection of individuals.

Kalika's style is delightful; natural, intimate, vivid, confidential. It is a comfort to be spoken to so familiarly by a master. Jump in at any point in her narrative and you are caught by the arm and swept along, never knowing, and rarely caring, where you will go. In the early section she writes on an eclectic

selection of topics; anything that strikes her fancy or mood flows from her pen, including scores of illuminating anecdotes that transform the abstract into the intelligible. The farther our work progressed, the greater our realization that this was no little brook that flowed from Egypt, but a mighty river.

The enkindling light of an exceptional intellect is everywhere apparent. “Consciousness,” she writes, “is the substance of the universe, that by which and in which all reality has its being and subsistence; it is the infinite energy of the universe. The principles are the basic means of understanding the operative relations which constitute the infinite complex of things, their entire essence and truth.”

Kalika asserts that “if the foundation of your understanding is lacking, your empirical observations are worthless; inquiry has no other aim than to identify principles; if this goal does not enter your course, your inquiries will progress into infinite irresolution. If perception from our sensory and intellectual faculties is received without understanding, it does nothing but float on illusions, and it is of no purpose to let our judgment be swayed by any part of its operation. Each mystery, when solved without understanding, will only reveal a deeper mystery, like an inscrutable maze of infinite extent.”

Here, philosophy becomes literature, not with the cool pithiness of Bacon, nor with the ingratiating intimacy of Descartes, nor with the high emotional tones of Pascal, but rather like Sextus and Voltaire, she writes philosophy so brilliantly that no one supposes she is writing philosophy.

“What you know to be true exists for you, and will manifest in your experience. The more your beliefs align with and so reflect true knowledge, the more powerful you become. To arrive at the place of knowing the truly unlimited power of your being, of your true self, requires the transcendence of the intellectual, logical, rational processes of your mind, which are based upon the vast input of indoctrination and conditioning imposed by our culture, religion and society. Such knowing is arrived at only by experience, and that experience can only manifest when you have managed to escape, to some extent, from your conditioning of limitation.”

Kalika reveals herself with candor and felicity; she has an artist’s inevitable vanity, but so amenably that it hardly offends, and she often displays a disarming modesty. “I speak my mind clearly on all these principles, even those which may exceed my understanding, hence the opinion I give of them is a measure of my perception, not of the principles

themselves." (This reminds me of Diogenes, who, when reproached for meddling in philosophy, although ignorant of it, replied, "I meddle in it all the more appropriately.")

Kalika is quite capable of sowing dragon's teeth. "Through our wondrous history the Egyptian people have been presented with a variety of gods; once their political utility was discovered, they became innumerable. Yet the oscillation of any god's fame is precarious, being subject to the wild vicissitudes of taste, and most are now too dead to mind anonymity. How clear can this be?—the ancient faith is false at the bottom and diseased at the top. The deification of powerful priests reveals not how much the priestly classes think of their leaders, but of how little they think of their gods.

"What then are all these gods? The creations of ignorance and fear and the seeking of power; absurd nothings that simple minds adore without knowing why: Gods whom the world of unaware man has made, and who never made the world. Egypt's priesthood offers this mass of superstition, ritualism, and hypocrisy as religion. Should it not rather be that the body charged with dispensing wisdom begin by being its example?"

The true masters (adepts), *Kalika* tells us, look with "silent contempt" upon this religion of idols. "They tolerate it partly because they are concerned that superstition among the people is essential to their own influence; partly because they believe that superstition is indestructible, dying in one form only to be reborn in another. No man of sense, they feel, will quarrel with a force capable of so many reincarnations."

Ever straining at the leash of caution, *Kalika* disdains the empire's obsession with conquest and occupation of foreign lands. "For though there is drama in the details of strife and war, there is a dreary consistency in its causes and results; such history becomes a menial attendance upon the excesses of power, in which victories and defeats cancel one another into a resounding zero. The greed and desire for glory of a few levies a horrendous toll of death on the many, and the emptied hearts of the defeated weigh upon us all."

Doubtless *Kalika* is right in her judgment that feeling, rather than thought or reason, is the lever of history, but her observations alienated many of the nobles and military commanders. *Sambhava* notes that *Merimose* (Viceroy of Kush) had a direct retort, delivered personally to *Kalika*, who had been summoned to the royal court: "You speak of death as if you know it. You know nothing, and death is nothing; but to live defeated and inglorious is to

die daily. The competition of individuals constitutes nature's ultimate court, from which there is no appeal."

In countering *Merimose, Kalika* reportedly replied: "If, in our Egypt, nothing exists except individual entities, then what is the state, the priesthood, the military, but conspiracies of privileged individuals, to frighten and control, to tax and rule, to heard to slaughter the indoctrinated rest? How will nature's court weigh on that?"

We are not told the Viceroy replied. "*Brilliant women*," Euripides warned a thousand years too late, "*are dangerous*." —Euripides (c. 480-406 B.C.)

The bulk of the priesthood, some Viziers—*Aperel* and *Ptahmose* are cited —and other unnamed members of the royal court resisted *Kalika's* work on what was to be *The Golden Crown*. She responded: "To object to this is to object to any attempt at a humanized synthesis of adeptic knowledge. I strongly believe that synthesis is needed; that the highly specialized adepts should welcome any sincere effort to bring portions of their traditions and results of their studies to light. In the solitude of their retreats and under the protection of their unintelligibility they are invisible to the people. We must labor together lest the higher knowledge remain the technical privilege and power of a few individuals isolated from the people of Egypt."

In a royal burst of common sense, *Kalika's* all-powerful patron *Amenhotep* III ordered the priesthood and nobility to refrain from any public mention of *Kalika*, and, in a personal audience, forced the priests to defend their resistance. They argued that such knowledge was meaningless to the common people, that the true nature of reality was incomprehensible to them, and that the orthodox religion was sufficient for their needs.

Kalika replied, "My intent is not to explain what ultimate reality is, for that would be to transform mortal imagination and speculation into doctrine and dogma, which already overwhelms our people. My task is rather to explain what can be said about the creation of the experience of reality, in every aspect from everyday life to the deepest meditations, and how that experience can be utterly transformed into one of peace and happiness."

It is here that we come to her central motivation and essential reason for writing. Her travels exposed her to every niche and strata of Egyptian society, every common class from artisan to slave. *Kalika* was at once engrossed and appalled by the state of the people. "Faced with a reality they believe to be true, men have been what they have had to be. They seem capable of strength and honor, but most frequently manifest weakness and ignobility. I have

observed an accumulative cruelty in groups of men, though none in particular are ill-natured. They gamble and cheat and lie with no hesitation; these are considered such mild vices as to verge on virtue. Can they not see that money and power are symbols of reality, not pieces of it?

"There is a code implied by their religion, yet honored only in the breach, it wins new praise with every violation. It is an empty religion, and teaches our people nothing of real value. Without knowledge of their true selves, there is no progress. That which is useless in governing one's own self, or in comprehending truth, is meaningless. Learning must be active and living; learning must not be mere dead theory or speculation. If apart from the principles of consciousness one hopes to find the way, it is like trying to twist a rope of sand. Those who know the way apply it in their daily life, with each and every thought they think. And what of those that live without that knowledge? At the end of each day they exhaust another empty cycle, and at the end of days exhaust an empty life. Yet I believe that man is as capable of all things as he is of any."

Understanding that sympathy validates suffering, she offers none; she rather prefers the empathy that allows insight and gentle correction. "Now then, the aspiration for a life filled with happiness, joy, peace, fulfillment, harmony, love; happiness rather than sorrow, joy rather than pain, peace rather than chaos, fulfillment rather than frustration, harmony rather than conflict, love rather than fear.

"Happiness is your natural birthright. Why then are so many unhappy? Unhappiness is a disordered state of mind; happiness is an ordered state of mind; there are many more disordered states than ordered states. You dwell in a disordered state by default and conditioning; you achieve ordered states by process of mind; each condition, event, situation, form and person is brought into your life by your thoughts and the images in your mind's eye, which in turn arise from your deepest beliefs. The secrets of happiness are awareness and action, the exercise of energy in a way suited to a man's nature and circumstances."

She expresses her thesis with brilliant fancy. "Each man is already a prince, each woman a princess; they need only to bring that recognition into awareness to realize their inherent ability. The absolute prerequisite for the acquisition and manifestation of intuitive knowledge and direct power is the awareness that such knowledge and power are available."

In a particularly unctuous note, the nobles, who utilized portions of

exactly that knowledge to create great wealth and comfort, objected to the "turbulent and quarrelsome rabble gaining any ability to understand the greater principles of life, for such knowledge would lead to excessive freedom. Faith in the perfectibility of mankind is a childish delusion. Individual freedom contains its own nemesis; it tends to increase until it overruns the restraints necessary for social order and group survival; freedom unlimited is chaos complete."

Kalika held ground. "Your words, your beliefs, even your morals, are prejudices, and represent your conditioning and interests as a group. You cannot forever hide the truth; you cannot hide the reality that there is a common reason in all intelligent beings, one spirit that pervades all things, one substance, one law, one truth. If all men realize this unity, the strong will no longer make prey of the weak, the few will no longer plunder the many, the rich will no longer despoil the poor, the noble will no longer be insolent to the common, and the deceitful will no longer impose upon the simple."

Clearly, the priests and nobles found it easier to criticize her than equal her. *Kalika's* courage brings to mind an observation from Aristippus, that the most impressive spectacle in life is the sight of a virtuous person steadily pursuing his or her course in the midst of vicious people.

There are some arid tracts, including a section that might be called "Ode to Cats," wherein she expounds rhapsodically on the grace and beauty of such creatures, and ascribes to them a host of mystical and magical powers. Cats, we are assured, have the capacity to see beyond the physical, and to read thoughts. (Puka the cat, a persistent, lounging fixture on our work table, seems to approve of this passage.)

And we are as capable of magic as cats. *Kalika* writes, "The world around us is a production of pure magic, a magnificent illusion. It appears to us as real because we are as much a part of the illusion as everything else. In fact, it is we who are the master magicians, as it is we who are the creators of the illusion."

Magic may not have been enough for what *Kalika* wished to accomplish. Her chronicle of experiences in teaching higher knowledge is in equal parts riveting and heart-rending. She candidly reports that years of effort yielded only infrequent results. In brief, she found that the deeply ingrained beliefs and presuppositions present in those she taught constituted a formidable barrier to learning.

She explains: "Beliefs of the nature of life and the world give rise to

repetitive patterns of thought and consistent pictures in the inner eye of the mind; because those patterns of thought and inner images create the nature of life and the world each person encounters, each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate and so inalterable. Their beliefs created their life, yet they imagine that life created their beliefs. The horse pulling the chariot becomes to them the chariot pulling the horse. This inversion can be impenetrable."

To overcome this barrier, *Kalika* utilizes techniques designed to expand awareness. She demands meditation, which she calls "breaking through the walls of the mind's room." She sees consciousness as space and mind as a room in that space; remove the walls and the enclosed space is still there, but joined to all the rest of space, or the "All." She speaks of "power practices," specifically affirmation and visualization, for which she gives concise instructions. The result of these practices, she insists, will be dramatic if properly done. Then, "the observation and analysis of positive results can be used in the building of a new belief structure."

With the obstinate patience that is half of genius, *Kalika's* tenacity and brilliance led to successes. She makes special mention of the son of a polymath artist, and writes extensively about the daughter of a Theban noble or prince.

The young man, *Chenzira* (Egyptian, meaning born on a journey), was apparently *Kalika's* first significant success. *Kalika* attributes much of his attainments to his father, who consistently taught his son—and actively demonstrated—that nothing was impossible. She relates much about the father and his remarkable approach to raising children. The father was a highly esteemed and much sought after artisan, a kind of renaissance man two-thousand-seven-hundred years before the renaissance. Self-educated in many fields, the father had trained his son in the principle that anything that can be imagined can be created. *Kalika* relates that the father crafted sculptures, bas-reliefs, carvings and incredible glass objects that others said were impossible. *Kalika* quotes the father's favorite saying: "Whenever someone says, 'That's impossible,' what they are really saying is that there is a great deal that they do not know."

In a fascinatingly poignant portion of the text, *Kalika* speaks of the young girl she encountered in Thebes who became her student and constant companion. We are not certain of the girl's true name; *Kalika* refers to her first as *Sheriti* (little girl or maiden), then variously as *Miw-sher* (kitten), or

Amisi (flower). As a beginning student, *Sheriti* was apparently eager yet learned slowly. Later, at an unspecified point, she experienced a great acceleration in progress, reaching by her nineteenth birthday a state of "amazing awareness and power, with scarcely four years instruction."

Why this unusual acceleration? Mani and Chiricu have a theory. *Kalika*, shortly after introducing *Sheriti*, launches into a riveting account of the value of sexual orgasm in expanding awareness. She speaks of it in reverent terms. "With two who are beloved of one another, the experience of orgasm dissolves the walls of self and opens the door to higher awareness. With proper direction of energy, a state of pure bliss can be attained; in this state all false beliefs and presuppositions evaporate. The walls fall, the inner self emerges, higher awareness dissolves all artifice of separation. Yet it is not simply that two become one—it is that each becomes All."

Mani and Chiricu believe that *Kalika* employed special techniques of inducing or sharing orgasm to bring *Sheriti* into higher awareness, hence they shared a relationship that was Sapphic in nature. This of course would be an early version of Tantric practice of reaching ecstatic consciousness via sexual practices, well known in certain sects of Buddhism and Hinduism, as well as the more profound versions of most traditional wisdom systems, especially the mystery schools of Egypt.

It is true that, when writing of *Sheriti*, *Kalika* often expresses herself with moving tenderness. She speaks many times of the fragile beauty of "my *Miw-sher*," and how her heart feels empty when they are apart. Nevertheless, I do not find anything *Kalika* directly states to be conclusive, nor is anything of this nature mentioned in *Sambhava's* commentary. It is however clear that shortly after meeting, *Kalika* and *Sheriti* became inseparable for the time period covered by the text, and perhaps beyond.

Sari is leaning toward Mani's opinion. Her evidence is circumstantial, but cogent. Firstly, that *Kalika* writes in detail of sexual arousal and orgasm, but nowhere does she mention penetration or use any similar term that would indicate a male presence. Secondly, that the juxtaposition of the introduction of *Sheriti* and the topic of sexual orgasm as a means to enlightenment marks a nexus between the two subjects.

Fenn and Maxi point out an interesting issue. *Kalika* writes at length of orgasms of remarkable duration that embody the entire physical being. Yet, in traditional versions of Tantric practice, orgasm is eschewed in favor of a very different goal, to move energy upward through the body's energy

centers to reach the “crown chakra” at the top of the head. This is the classic kundalini or kundala practice of inducing the spiritual energy or life force to rise to the seventh chakra to allow an individual to achieve full and total creative potential.

Kalika’s practice is different, she speaks of “building energy in the body’s centers,” by engaging in “loving physical contact with intense focus on each other’s arousal, an act of balance, of sharing and exchanging energy.” This pleasing activity apparently had arresting results. “Entering slowly into the state of orgasm, perfectly balanced to build over time, experienced throughout the physical being, blending, expanding, eventually to explode into total ecstatic consciousness, ultimate bliss and joy, a complete joining of the two as one and that one to the All.”

As might be expected, this subject has given rise to some interesting discussions, on several levels. *Kalika’s* implied moral philosophy is pagan in the sense that it legitimizes and endorses pleasure and has no sense of sin; it savors of Epicurus and Seneca rather than of St. Paul or Augustine. The girls are spirited on the subject. Just last evening, in an attempt to reach a consensus of opinion, the five of them talked for hours. The discussion became impressively animated. (As Virgil said of females, “They have a fiery vigor and a heavenly source.”)

Sheriti, who has the happiness of eluding history, remains enigmatic. In search of insight, we’ve attempted to locate her in historical documents, with no success. It is especially difficult since we do not know precisely at what point in time *Kalika* encountered *Sheriti*, nor who was king during their involvement. Egyptologists estimate that *Amenhotep* III ruled for thirty-seven years and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*) for seventeen. We know that *Kalika* grew-up during the reign of *Amenhotep* III, and Kenji told me that *The Golden Crown*, though “completed long before 1368 B.C., was dedicated in the twelfth year of *Akhenaten’s* reign.” The closest we can come to dating *Sheriti* covers a period of decades; even if we were sure of her name, finding a record of her is an enormous challenge and would require greater resources.

Though mysteries abound, *Kalika’s* writings reveal her character—refined and delicate, at once diffident and resolute, yielding and tenacious, a woman of thought learning to be a woman of action. *Kalika’s* extraordinary genius, at a time before it was possible to write a full account of what was known, wrote one of what was necessary to learn. She labored to naturalize the supernatural, marking in mortal words immortal things, often with charming

whimsicality. The final sentence of her text reads: “There are no secrets except the secrets that keep themselves—the world is in continuous creation, and the sources of that creation are the secrets.”

Viewed even through the prism of translation, *Kalika’s* observations clearly contrasted with the Egyptian nobles’ philosophical view of the realist’s subordination of the self to reality, and firmly adhered to the adeptics’ idealist subordination of reality to the self. Like all the profound wisdom traditions, I am certain that, in the Western world, a true understanding of *Kalika’s* philosophical meaning would be obscured by the preemption of the word ideal for excellence, and by the Western habit, in an age of science and industry, of thinking of things perceived, and not at all of the process of perception itself. The opposite attitudes competed in Greek philosophy, where Democritus took atoms as his starting point and Plato took ideas. In modern philosophy, Bacon stressed knowledge of the world, Descartes began with the thinking self, Hobbs reduced everything to matter, Berkeley to mind. Kant began a revolution in thought by recognizing that we can never objectively know what objects are, since we know them only as changed by the processes of perception into our ideas. Philosophical “idealism” is thus the concept that nothing is known to us except ideas, and that therefore matter is a form of mind. What could be more idealistic in nature, more accurate, and more incomprehensible to the Western world?

In sum, although she contrived no formal structure in which to imprison a universe that seems to escape every formula, *Kalika’s* wisdom system devised a holistic view of man, brought philosophy to consciousness and order, and considered with intuitive reason all the problems of life. It stood to emancipate the educated classes from ecclesiasticism and superstition, and to establish a morality independent of supernatural aid. *Kalika* recognized that the intellect is not useless; it has its modest place, and serves us well when it deals with relations and things, but how greatly it falters before the eternal, the infinite, the ultimately real. Perhaps most importantly, *Kalika* conceived of man as a creative force in nature rather than a by-product; it gave him true liberty and an unparalleled measure of mental and creative freedoms.

In retrospect, *Kalika* mythologized herself before anyone else had the chance. It is not difficult to understand why *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV become history and *Kalika* became an arcane legend. She recognized that the noblest passion of any age is the betterment of life through the extension of knowledge. Yet, in the time of writing *The Golden Crown*, like Leonard and

Augustus, she thought that she had failed. We know now that she did not.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 14)

The Fundamentals

"*I have deep faith that the fundamental principle of the universe will be beautiful and simple*." —Albert Einstein

As so many people have discovered, to their disappointment and dismay, the ability to directly manifest whatever persons, circumstances and events you desire to experience in your life cannot be truly or fully attained through simplistic concepts of "positive thinking" or some alleged "secret." It requires and so must begin with an expansion of awareness. As *Kalika* expresses it: "The absolute prerequisite for the acquisition and manifestation of intuitive knowledge and direct power to manipulate physical reality is the awareness that such knowledge and power are available."

Unfortunately, those of us from the Western world are deeply conditioned to believe that life and reality work in certain limited ways, and not in other, more expansive ways. This is the end result of a materialistic society and its conceptualizations of what reality is, and more importantly, what it is not. Much of it is based upon the old classical Western view of nature, the deterministic Cartesian-Newtonian view, an outlook long since superseded by science—the physics of quantum mechanics is an excellent example—yet that evolved knowledge is complex hence not widely understood.

To access your true power requires that you bypass the intellectual mind's conditioning and the resultant barriers of core concepts and beliefs, enforced, as it were, by your rational and logical calculations. Reason and logic, in and of themselves, are excellent tools, but cannot determine the difference between the true and the false, the real and the unreal; they will support and impose both equally and indiscriminately. Expanding the awareness of an intellectual mind whose false conditioning and false beliefs are deeply ingrained can be a difficult process. The intellectual mind holds tight to its patterns; it is very resistant, very resilient. Yet it is only when such a conditioned mind's beliefs of limitation are dissolved that it may go on to states of greater awareness. If there is even the slightest trace of doubt

anywhere in your mind it will impede your ability to manifest power directly. The adeptic wisdom system presents the precise methods to accomplish the necessary expansion of awareness, yet it requires focus and intent.

* * *

Kalika's wisdom system comprises what can most aptly be called an apex philosophy. "The problem of philosophy," said Plato, "is, for all that exists conditionally, to find a ground unconditioned and absolute." Plato, not unexpectedly, phrased this concept perfectly; never has this passage been improved upon. Philosophers—and physicists for that matter—proceed on the idea that there are principles that determine all phenomena and, if they can be known, can be used to understand and predict all physical events and experience. And as Plato and later Emerson pointed out, those principles, when in the mind, are ideas or ideals and, as such, possess an infinite beauty. Such principles impart a foundational or spiritual meaning to all of nature; they pervade and dissolve all matter by thought; once penetrated by this recognition, one is enabled to recognize the unity and harmony of all things. Emerson noted the remark of Euler on his law of arches, "This will be found contrary to all experience, yet is true." This is an excellent demonstration of nature transformed into mind, with matter left behind, like an unwanted guest.

* * *

This brings us to a central point of *Kalika's* (or any profound) philosophy: "Energy, matter, space, time, and separation are our perceptions of reality, not pieces of it." Over two-thousand years before Shankara, *Kalika* wrote of the spatio-temporal world as being an illusion; and over three-thousand years before Kant, she stated: "Space and time are not things that we perceive, but modes of perception, a framework our consciousness generates in which to cognize the world we create around us."

This was nicely explained to me by the Adept Amrita during a discussion of the nature of reality:

Amrita: "As you will increasingly recognize, reality is a subject more vast than may be initially imagined or appreciated. Anyone who attempts to define reality sets foot on a very slippery slope, as mystics have long known and your physicists have learned."

"I don't think that reality is indefinable," I reply. "It's what we perceive

around us, wouldn't you say?"

"That is just it; reality is a matter of perception and nothing else, perception arising from consciousness. The tapestry of space-time and its contents are woven from threads of consciousness. Space and time are not actualities, they are perceptions, a framework in which a world can be experienced as a linear series of things and events. Space and time are only an illusionary theater in the infiniteness of the Absolute; the stage, the lights, the scenery, the props; they are nothing more than phantasmic symbols we create to correlate and cognize what we experience. Ordinary consciousness perceives the threads as individual and separate; only in the higher orders of awareness does one begin to perceive the threads as integral parts of an infinite tapestry of unity.

"The intuitive among your scientists are uncovering knowledge that could be said to be spiritual in content. The deeper they probe, the greater the likelihood that more and more will recognize this. And, as you have begun to experience, through understanding and applying certain principles of consciousness, energy may be commanded to create a truly extraordinary range of perceived and experienced reality. But, to reach this recognition and realization, that is, the making real of such abilities, one must first break the illusory boundaries of perception, there to realize a vastly expanded conscious awareness, one that goes far beyond an ordinary awareness of self and physical reality."

* * *

Just how extensive that range of experienced reality can be manifested by commanding energy through the application of principles of consciousness was emphatically described to me by the Shaman Kenji. This conversation occurred when I mentioned to him that I had agreed to undertake a quest to retrieve a recently discovered manuscript.

"What an excellent and magical adventure it is!" He jumps up in his springy way and paces rapidly back and forth. "A true adventure like those of the old days. It is very nice of you to think of including me, of course, but the lamas are . . . well, they are right."

"About what?" I ask.

Still he is pacing. "You are very fortunate to have this splendid adventure, my friend, very fortunate indeed. It is to be acclaimed, not questioned."

Apparently he didn't hear me, I think.

Glinting eyes turn on me. “I heard you perfectly well. Listen now. Pay attention. It is time that I instruct you on how one handles a magical adventure. And, by the way, all of life is a magical adventure—the most magical of all adventures is the ascent to and the expression of higher consciousness—it is the very purpose of life. Ready?” He is staring at me with eyes somehow glowing brighter and brighter. I nod.

“The content of your consciousness awareness is the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is it, period. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness. Remember this. Do not forget. Your imagination is your greatest tool. Use it correctly, with impeccable discipline. Through your imagination—the thoughts and images you entertain in your mind—you determine the outcomes that you experience, all the outcomes, all the circumstances and events in your life. As long as you know of your own power, as long as you know the experiences and outcomes you desire truly exist and you entertain thoughts and images of only that outcome and nothing else, it will manifest in your experience. No other result is possible. Have you got that?”

I nod.

“Now you know everything that is worth knowing about the creation of apparent reality, on any level. All the rest is detail only; all the philosophies in the world, religious or otherwise, can be at once identified as either revelation or as gibberish once you understand this truth.” He thinks for a moment. “Well, there is a little more. I understand that you have not yet recognized that anything is as likely or unlikely, as probable or improbable, as possible or impossible, as any other thing. Have you?”

He says this quite vigorously. I shake my head no.

“Alright. That is the result of your logical mind’s action, the concrete mind, the lower manas. It is the intellect; a wonderful tool for certain things, the worst possible barrier for others, a real tiger of a hurdle. The intellect can use only reason and logic. But, as you well know, logic is not everything. Even things that are patently false can be proven by the rules of logic, yes?”

“Sure. It’s been shown that the rules of symbolic logic don’t even apply to actual experience.”

“Naturally. Never mind that. Pay attention.”

I nod and decide to keep quiet.

“In the case of this magical journey, you should have no problem with

intellectual considerations arising from reason, rational thought, and logic. None of these considerations should interfere with your ability to reach a state of knowing that you will succeed. You will not need to overcome any of these intellectual processes; they will not be obstacles. Even an ordinary person can see that you stand an excellent chance of successfully obtaining the text and returning in perfect order."

Kenji is right, and I admit that it's true.

"Good. Later we will work on achieving those things that your intellectual mind tells you are impossible. Very little, my friend, is impossible. The so-called laws of nature are only the usual and customary behaviors of matter and energy in response to ordering influences that flow from consciousness in higher orders of reality. These laws are not set in stone, they are unlimitedly flexible—they respond to conscious intent, as I think you are beginning to understand. The trick is to move beyond simply believing that something may be possible—that is not nearly enough to manifest real power—to a state of knowing. All time is simultaneous, which, relevant to your perception, means that everything that can possibly happen has already happened. You select the outcome you wish to experience through your thoughts and images. However, it is greatly helpful to actually know that whatever outcome you desire is already real. Once that is accomplished, you then meet that outcome in what you perceive of as time, that apparently linear sequence of events necessary for you to perceive anything in the physical sense. It is significant to recognize that whatever outcome you aspire to experience is already real; if it were not, you would not be capable of imagining or desiring it, but that discussion need wait, in your sense of time of course. For now you must understand that you may attain the power to draw to yourself anything that you desire—any event, any circumstance, any situation, any form—as easily as you draw a breath, and just as quickly."

There are times when we must be skeptical of our skepticism. Such incredible concepts have a way of being easily rejected by one generation after another, only to be confirmed by the next. We see physicists doing this now. "I've seen quite a lot since I've been here," I say, and immediately realize what a stunning understatement it is. "Like that shirt," I mumble.

"Shirt? What shirt?" he asks.

"The one you whimsically manifested for me, right there, in the courtyard."

"Oh that." Kenji rolls his eyes. "That is nothing; and I mean it literally.

Direct manifestations are easy once you know you can do them, and know the correct technique. After all, has not everything you perceive of as existing come originally from nothing?"

Here is the age old philosophical question, and the not so old cosmological question: How did the Universe arise *ex nihilo*, out of nothing? "So the shirt came from nothing?"

"Certainly, depending upon your point of view. Material things are misnamed; they exist in your conscious awareness only, so are not material at all; matter exists in consciousness only, as does energy."

Author's Note: There is extensive scientific support for this view; matter is only energy in a "frozen" or condensed state. Professor Stephen Hawking and others have shown that the total energy content of the Universe, in accordance with complex calculations of a balance sheet of all positive and negative energies, is precisely zero. What we perceive of as energy, thus all mass, is the result of a tension between two parts of a duality whose totality is nonexistent. As Professor Hawking points out, "it's simply a matter of getting one zero energy system out of another." The zero-energy universe concept appears to have first been published in 1973 when Edward Tryon proposed in the scientific journal *Nature* that the universe emerged from a large-scale quantum fluctuation of vacuum energy, resulting in its positive mass-energy being exactly balanced by its negative gravitational potential energy. Pascual Jordan later suggested that since the positive energy of a star's mass and the negative energy of its gravitational field together may have zero total energy, conservation of energy would not prevent a star being created by a quantum transition of the vacuum. George Gamow, the great theoretical physicist and cosmologist, recounts mentioning this idea to Albert Einstein: "Einstein stopped in his tracks and, since we were crossing a street, several cars had to stop to avoid running us down."

Someone calls from the courtyard. Kenji squints and gestures in that direction. Finally he sits. "I will tell you a little more. All things actually do come from nothing, yet that nothing must be cognized as something to be seized upon and utilized by the relative mind's processes of thought and imagery. That something is actually not something at all, but a no-thing, in a relative sense, as it is beyond all duality. Yet to recognize it, to name it, acts to bring it within the compass of awareness. In the old systems of adeptic knowledge, we called it Universal Substance, which is as good a name as

any. What is most important . . . I cannot overstress the importance of knowing that what you call reality is an unlimitedly fluid matrix, something within which an unlimited range of things are possible; you must come to know how they are possible and why they are possible. If you know that, then you know that you can accomplish what you wish. If you know you can, you can. If there is even the slightest trace of doubt anywhere in your mind it will greatly impede your ability to manifest power directly, that is with conscious awareness of what you are doing. There is a great difference between direct manifestation and creating the experiences of everyday life. Those experiences are within the ordinary flow of your time and evolution and expectations. Everyone, no matter how equipped, creates all of their physical, emotional, and mental experience of life through the principles of consciousness, yet most all of those individuals are entirely unaware of such power, far less that they exercise it continuously. All the events and circumstance in their lives are of their own creation, but that creation occurs in an unrealized manner, by way of their primary beliefs and expectations regarding life and by way of their decisions—the choices based upon their basic beliefs. So for most, this process of creating represents little more than unthought, unexamined, default decisions."

"That's a basic concept in Tantric practice, isn't it?" I ask.

"Of course. All who reach an expanded awareness possess the mental flexibility to become knowledgeable of what creates the experience of reality in the dimensions of space and time, and that is just the point."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power,* ch. 13)

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Expanded awareness of the true nature of reality and mental flexibility—crucial keys to manifesting the life you desire. Here is where the fundamental concepts come into play. There are many versions, used in many different formats. *Kalika's* expressions are complex, and will be explored in the next section. For now, one of the clearest expressions I encountered comes from Sari, who was raised in the adeptic wisdom traditions.

After our session with an amazing visualization, Sari sits quietly, thinking. Suddenly she brightens. "Michael, I have decided. I will teach you the recognitional affirmations that Lemia taught me, the ones that Kenji suggested I practice. I do not know why I have waited. They are very

important. We will do them three times each day."

"What are you talking about?"

"Something advanced and of great significance. It is exactly what you need, an opportunity to discover, understand and transform."

"Transform what?" I ask.

"Your deepest beliefs, your innermost assumptions, the very concepts about the nature of reality that cause you to disbelieve the things you have experienced . . ."

"Okay, I think I know what you're getting at."

"This is a powerful technique to discover your deepest beliefs. You will see. As you affirm, any beliefs you have that conflict with the concepts you are affirming will become obvious; once you identify them they can be transformed. A belief is just an idea about reality, not a part of reality itself, so once identified it can be changed or replaced as you like."

"I see."

Sari nods. "This affirmation is simple, yet most profound. It is considered to be a key recognition, a conceptual affirmation of the one of the deepest truths known in the adeptic tradition. There are many versions; we will use a simple and direct one. You will memorize this, but when practiced, you must think of the meaning of each statement; never practice it mechanically, without attentive thought."

"Okay."

Sari sits up straight, looking solemn, eyes closed. "Consciousness is All-That-Is. I am one with all consciousness; this is my unity with all that exists —hence I stand as one with the sum of all intelligence; this is my wisdom and knowledge. I am one with all consciousness; this is my unity with all that exists—hence I stand as one with the sum of all energy; this is my power."

After a half-hour working with this remarkable affirmation, I see exactly what Sari meant by discovering my deepest beliefs—although the term unearthing seems more appropriate. Each statement in the affirmation brings up issues, to be sure, yet overall I feel unexpectedly content, as if its begun to work to expose and expand my structure of beliefs, or possibly allow my new beliefs room to exist. Could it be that easy, after all the struggles I've been thorough when dealing with the non-ordinary events things I've witnessed?—Lemia's miraculous appearance, Master R.K. striding across the top of a river as if it was shiny rock, the robin returned to life, the healing, Mani's performance on the rock, and so on and so on. Perhaps it is, but perhaps only

if that's what I believe.

"Sari, this unity that's spoken of—the All-That-Is, the Infinite, the Absolute, Oneness, Infinite Being, and whatever else—it's the fundamental element in the affirmation . . . and the recognition, and in enlightenment. What did Lemia teach you about it? I'm curious."

Sari closes her eyes. "Mia taught me that Infinite Being cannot be known in ordinary awareness, for ordinary awareness cannot be cognizant of anything beyond dualities. All existence has its source in the Absolute, which is a unity, a monality, utterly unconditioned and undifferentiated, and therefore invisible to ordinary awareness. The intellect can only perceive within the construct of a subject and an object; this duality cannot be overcome within ordinary conscious awareness. Always there is the relationship of the knower to the known, the perceiver to the perceived. The world, the object, always seems apart from the observer, the subject. This separation is illusion; this illusion is what meditation and practices like recognitional affirmations allow you to transcend."

"To achieve oneness?" I ask.

"To achieve a recognition that allows you to go beyond the illusion of separation, an illusion which results in a person being devoid of true power and without access to intuitive knowledge. It is the dualities of subject-object consciousness that introduce structure; that perceived structure then separates observer from observed. Space and time seem to separate things that are observed or experienced, yet space and time, like subject and object, are entirely an illusion. Space-time is a creation of consciousness and not of the real, you have told me that yourself. Mia says that we experience space-time as a reality only because our intellectual and physical selves are no more real than it is. This space-time illusion of structure and separation gives rise to many complications, as the illusions obscure the reality of All-That-Is. All that you see in relative physical reality is based on a perception of dualities, but in seeing things in terms of dualities, the wholeness is missed, as is the true unity of the Real."

Sari looks at me, seemingly glowing. "Michael, we use the recognitional affirmations because it is easy to forget the truth, easy to lose sight of the real, easy to fall into the illusions, easy to forget what is most important."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 13)

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Continually and consistently asserted by adepts and masters is that all that exists is consciousness, and all else is illusion, a wonderful or distressing experience of a reality that we ourselves create. But what about the Universe around us and all it contains? What is it? Why is it? An insight into those questions arose when Mani was teaching Sari, Shrina, Chiricu and I intricate visualizations involving light, ones that Mani was taught as a child, raised in Tibet and trained in the ancient arts of the *Zhang Zhung* esoteric wisdom system, or magical arts. The reference guide to individuals appearing can be found here.

"Mani," I ask, "Lama Karpa told me that light is how our awareness apprehends energies of a higher vibration. So this energy, when visualized, really raises one's own vibration?"

Mani frowns. "Yes, but it is important to understand that what I am teaching you is a concept, it is only our way of looking at the world. It is an interpretation—developed over thousands of years—that allows us to manifest the power to manipulate physical reality. I do not know what your question of 'really?' means. I do not know if these concepts are anything more than ideas, I do not know if they correspond to anything greater. I do not think that anyone can say. Our wisdom traditions do not demand that our concepts correspond to the real, because we do not speculate on what that is. Reality is not something you can measure or comprehend with the mind, if it even exists. All we are concerned with is that our ideas and the techniques based on our concepts allow us to manifest power in the world around us."

"Mani," I reply, "in physics, the concept of vibration is a key features of what's called string theory. It's complicated, but the theory holds that everything is composed of tiny vibrating strings; the rate of a string's vibration determines its appearance as a particular type of particle. If string theory or something like it is eventually proven, then, in a vital way, your concept of vibration is quite accurate. That, I suppose, could be why your methods work."

Mani stares at me for a moment, then glances at Sari and Chiricu. "Michael, my position with you imposes upon me certain responsibilities—one of which requires I must thorough and truthful. About these techniques of power, I believe that it is worse than meaningless to discuss the ultimate reality of any concept or method; the only meaningful thing you can discuss

is its usefulness."

"Worse than meaningless? Why?"

"When a technique is successful, there are those who tend to attribute to it, and to the elements and concepts that constitute it, the quality of reality or absolute truth. My master always stressed that such tendencies are an unnecessary burden."

"I don't follow."

"Because it is mythical; because it is self-creating and so becomes self-fulfilling. Our minds interpret the input from our senses by making models of the outside world. We form mental concepts of our home, our mountains, trees, valleys, rivers and lakes, other people, and all else. The objects of physical reality are merely symbols, and the mental concepts the only thing we can directly know. There is no independent test of ultimate reality. Thoughts and images form the relative reality we experience, so it follows that a symbol or model widely believed in creates a reality of its own."

Shrina is fidgeting. "I do not understand."

Mani picks up one of my ever present notebooks and opens it at random. "Shrina, look at this." Shrina stares. "Does this page contain information?" Mani asks.

She nods. "Yes, the things Michael is always writing; important things, I think."

"And what is the important information on this page?" Mani presses.

"I do not know," Shrina says quietly.

"Do you see any information on this page?"

Shrina shakes her head. "I see words, just words."

"Exactly. You do not see information because there is no information. The writing is not in itself information, it simply transmits information."

"But," Chiricu objects, "is that not the same thing? We learn from the information in books all the time. If the information is not on the pages, where is it?"

Mani smiles. "That is the point. The information exists in consciousness, in our minds, not on the pages. When we talk, our words convey thoughts and feelings, but those thoughts and feelings are not the same as the words, are they? We agree on the meaning of the words so they become transmitters of information; the words are not themselves information. The letters on the page make up words, but those letters and words are nothing but symbols. This page is paper and pencil marks. If you burn it, does it destroy

information? Does it destroy meaning? No, it only destroys symbols."

Shrina nods. "I see. But what does that mean?"

"In just the same way, the objects around us are only symbols that transmit meaning. The meaning is not in the objects we create any more than information is in letters or words. We create objects just as we create words, to express something, some meaning or knowledge. This constant creation of physical reality through thoughts and mental images is what we do, all of us. It is the realization that we are doing it and the attainment of the ability to do it with knowing purpose and intent that provides actual power and freedom. This is how our tradition views the true nature of physical objects, and this is why we can manipulate physical reality through our techniques."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 16. And See, *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'*, ch. 12)

Editor's Note: Michael's experiences with Mani were wide-ranging and extraordinarily revealing. We have devoted an entire book to Mani, which discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that enabled her to attain such extraordinary abilities. *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'*, 2021 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, ASIN B01ICAW6JM. Excerpts from this book are available in the Anthology Section later in this volume.

* * *

Although certainly the astute reader has formulated a good idea of the fundamental concepts as presented in the advanced adeptic wisdom traditions such as *Kalika's*, a summation may be helpful as a study guide.

1) All that exists is consciousness. The reality we see and feel around us is a set of perceptions and nothing more—or less.

2) Matter is composed of energy and energy is simply consciousness objectified. This is a key understanding. All that exists is consciousness; consciousness is the only real. All else is merely an appearance, the result of our particular format of consciousness, that is, subject-object consciousness. We are consciously aware; yet to be aware we must be aware *of* something; to be aware, we must perceive something other than self. The self is the subjective aspect of consciousness. That of which we are aware is the

objective aspect, the objects of our awareness. Yet both subject and object are the very same, they are only perceived as separate and distinct within subject-object consciousness. All being and all existence is consciousness; the highest levels of awareness, the unmanifest energy from which all matter and interactions arise, and all the manifest matter around us.

3) The content of your consciousness awareness manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness.

4) You can attain the power to draw to yourself anything that you desire—any event, any circumstance, any situation, any form—as easily as you draw a breath.

5) Attaining the greatest range of creative power requires the building of a new belief structure; the recognition of the fundamental and true nature of reality.

Selections from *Kalika's* Manuscript

This section and the following section regarding visualization practice contain passages taken directly from *Kalika's* manuscript, *The Golden Crown*. The following translations of *Kalika's* writings are as literal as possible. Our goal was to produce a clear and readable translation, and while where necessary literalness was sacrificed for readability, as much as possible of *Kalika's* mode of expression and pure energy was retained. There is a power in her words that, if allowed, will flow through you and serve as a stimulus to recognition. These passages represent concentrated wisdom and knowledge. Each one deserves to be read and absorbed individually. Please don't just rush through them. Spend time with each one, ponder and savor each one; as you do, see what thoughts they bring forth, and consider each one with care.

It is fitting to begin with *Kalika's* opening thesis of *The Golden Crown*: "Throughout our land, I see men plowing, fishing, toiling, disputing, suing in the courts, lending at usury, cheating and being cheated, running after gold or pleasure; each surrounded by a cloud of hopes, fears, illusions, follies, and hates; believing that gods and fate spin the web of life for each human atom, and each in turn waiting to be drawn away by the messenger of death. Men

do not realize their own divinity or true nature, yet it lives within them, ever acting on each experience of their life. Were they to recognize this, they would find that their True Self hovers ever about them, like a magnificent angel, holding in her outstretched hands a priceless Golden Crown. Were they to reach out and take that Golden Crown, it would make each man who does so a Prince, each woman a Princess."

"Experience is the product of the mind—your conscious thoughts and images—propelled into being by feelings; it is also a product of unconscious thoughts and feelings. These together form the reality that you experience. You are therefore *not* at the mercy of a reality that exists apart from yourself, or is thrust upon you. You are so intimately connected with the physical events composing your life experience that often you cannot distinguish between the seemingly material occurrences and the thoughts, expectations and emotions that gave them birth." *—Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"An examination of your present experience of life will tell you much about the state of your inner mind, of your beliefs, intentions and expectations. Your thoughts and inner images, carefully studied, will let you see where you are going. They point clearly to the nature of the physical events you will experience in what you call the future. What exists physically exists first in thoughts, images and feelings." *—Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"Every thought has a result. Similar thoughts, habitually repeated, will seem to have a more or less permanent effect. If you like the effect, then you seldom examine the thought. If you find yourself overcome by difficulties, however, you begin to wonder what is wrong. You may blame others, your own background, or a previous life. You may hold *Set* or *Apep* (ancient Egyptian gods) or some other member of our priests' zoological pantheon of absurdities responsible, or you may simply say, 'That is life,' and accept the negative experiences as an unavoidable aspect of your existence. You may finally come to a partial understanding of the nature of reality and complain, 'I believe that I have caused these ill effects, but I find myself unable to reverse them.' If this is the case, then regardless of what you have told yourself thus far, you still do not believe that you are the creator of your own experience. As soon as you recognize this fact you can begin at once to alter those conditions that cause you unhappiness or dissatisfaction." *—Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"The power of creativity flows through you as effortlessly as your breath.

From it even the tiniest portions of your outer world spring into your experience. Your thoughts and inner images have realities that spread outward; they group through attraction, building up areas of circumstances that finally coalesce in forms that you perceive as objects or as a series of events. Some images and thoughts are translated into seemingly material structures that you call objects; these exist, in your perception, within a framework you call space. Others are translated instead into structures you call events, in your perception these seem to exist within a framework you call time. Both space and time are illusions, yet they represent your most basic assumptions, which simply means that you accept both and assume that your reality is rooted in a series of moments in time and in dimensions of space. In this way your inner self is translated into your outer world."
—*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"You form the fabric of your experience through your own beliefs and expectations. Your interpersonal ideas about yourself and the nature of reality directly affect your thoughts and inner images. You take your beliefs about reality as truth, and so do not question them. They seem self-explanatory. You perceive them as statements of fact, far too obvious for examination. Therefore they are accepted without question; they are not recognized as beliefs about reality, but are instead considered characteristics of reality itself. Frequently such ideas appear indisputable, so much a part of your beliefs that it does not occur to you to speculate about their validity. They become invisible assumptions, but they nevertheless form your personal experience.
—*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Many people, for example, do not question their religious beliefs, but accept them as fact. Others find it comparatively easy to recognize such inner assumptions when they appear in a religious context, but are quite blind to them in other areas. It is far simpler to recognize your own beliefs in regard to religion, art, farming or similar subjects, than it is to pinpoint your deepest beliefs about the true nature of reality and who and what you are in relationship with that reality and your own life. Many individuals are completely blind to their own beliefs about themselves and the nature of reality. If examined, your conscious thoughts will give you excellent insights to your core beliefs. Often you will find yourself refusing to accept certain ideas that come to your mind because they conflict with other more accepted ideas. Your higher conscious mind is always trying to give you a clear

picture, but you may allow preconceived beliefs to block out this intelligence." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"We live in a Universe of consciousness. All is consciousness. All things, all effects, all changes arise from the manifestations of consciousness. The material world is consciousness perceived as energy. All power arises from the ability to summon, store, direct, control, and manipulate energy. Consciousness is the organ of these abilities. The Universe exists as a creation, a projection of pure divine consciousness outward. Each individual consciousness is wholly a part of divine consciousness. Thus, individual consciousness can utterly control and manipulate the physical world and all things in it by the same power by which it created it—through the projection of consciousness as energy and its manifestation as physical reality." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"The content of your consciousness is your ultimate power and your greatest responsibility. It creates and controls—it dictates—how your spiritual body, mental body, emotional body and physical body manifest. You are wholly an aspect of divine consciousness, the consciousness that is everything, all of creation. Your seemingly individualized aspect of divine consciousness has the identical feature of the power of creating. It creates all your being and experience." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"Ultimately, for you to fully manifest and master your creative power, you must have more than faith, you must have more than belief, you must reach the recognition of your own potential, you must come to know that your power exists. The more certain your knowing, the more certain that each of the techniques of manifesting power will yield results, and the more powerful your creative ability will become. I tell you this—you have no idea of how powerful your creative abilities can truly become. They are much like the mighty *argun* palm tree. It begins as a seed, a tiny thing, barely a *debja* long (0.7 inch), but within that tiny seed dwells an invisible immense tree nearly a half-*khet* high (60 feet). Your power is much the same, and will grow in much the same fashion. You must build upon your successes." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"The fundamental principle of consciousness is straightforward—matter is composed of energy, and energy is gathered and projected from consciousness through affirmation and visualization. When you visualize, you channel and project energy. Selecting an image of an outcome you desire

and holding it in your conscious awareness—the inner eye of your mind—gathers and projects precisely the energies required to crystalize in your personal reality as the image you entertain. Your emotions work in precisely the same manner. When you feel strongly, your consciousness projects precisely those energies that, when crystalized in your personal reality as an event, circumstance, person or object, will reproduce the emotion through which it was created." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

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In a further relevant technical discussion that the reader will find inspirational, *Kalika* outlines the powers than can be achieved through attaining a full recognition of the true nature of reality and the principles of consciousness. Interestingly, the Egyptian descriptions of these correspond closely to the *Saktis* (or *Shaktis*) as set forth in ancient Sanskrit literature, strongly suggesting a conjoint origin or source.

These powers are considered to be the seven primary forces of consciousness, four of which are revealed, two considered esoteric, and one wholly sealed. The revealed are: 1) the power of intellect or real wisdom and knowledge; 2) the power of the will or intent; 3) the power or force which moves in a serpentine path, the universal life force in nature; and 4) the force or power of speech or music, of sound and mantras. There are two additional powers considered to be among the "secrets of secrets": 5) the power of thought enabling it to manifest perceptible, phenomenal events and forms through its own inherent energy; and 6) the highest force or power, the power of light brought to bear through advanced practices of visualization. The final and supreme power is considered by the adepts to be the "most secret of all arcanum," and is not discussed in *Kalika's* first manuscript, *The Golden Crown*.

Visualization and Affirmation Practice

"*If the physical world can affect the mind and its thoughts, but the mind cannot affect the physical world, then that would be the only one-way interaction known in the natural world, and the only one-way interaction known to science*." —Legendary physicist Ernst Mach, Ph.D., originator of the Mach number

Kalika asserts that visualization is the primary technique for manifesting. "When you visualize, you channel and project energy. Generating an image of a specific outcome you desire and holding it in your conscious awareness —the inner eye of your mind—gathers and projects precisely the energies required to crystalize that outcome in your personal reality. This projection of mental or psychic energy is not supernatural, nor is it beyond the ability of any person with the proper belief structure. Nor is such a result of visualization a miracle, although to some it may seem so."

Here we may wisely recall something Saint Augustine said: "*Miracles happen not in opposition to nature, but in opposition to what we know of nature*." (Augustine of Hippo, A.D. 354-430)

There is probably no practice so generally accepted yet so little understood as visualization. Many people you meet will tell you that they have had success with visualizations, yet equally as many will say will say they have not, or have had only minimal success. Any study of visualization will reveal contradictions which are strange and puzzling—a trivial request meets with success while one on an important matter fails. It is necessary to realize that in visualization certain laws are at work, ones which must be discovered, identified, understood, and fully integrated into your belief structure.

"In order to fully understand the enormous creative power of visualization, you must first realize that it is a process of natural law and will always work if all the elements are properly and accurately provided. If a visualization does not work, it means that one or more elements were missing, or the process was improperly performed. A well performed visualization is complex and there are as many elements that must be avoided as included." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Kalika's manuscript contains several highly technical discussions. In one of the methodological sections of *The Golden Crown*, *Kalika* discusses the manifestation potential of visualization and affirmation which is very relevant to our discussion. She calls this, as we translated it, "Degree of Manifestation Potential as Dependent on Individual Parameters." In other words, these are factors that directly impact the potential for specific visualizations and affirmations to produce results.

These parameters are as follows: 1) Degree of realization/recognition of the law that the contents of consciousness (beliefs, thoughts, images) invariably create all personal reality, and in mass create the shared reality of

the world; 2) Underlying field of core beliefs, conscious or subconscious; 3) Master (controlling) thoughts and inner images; 4) Degree of intent to create reality desired (power of will); 5) Precreation of probability of desired reality from experiential line of possible realities (opening a space in your life, in a physical and psychological sense, to allow the desired result to flow into your life experience); 6) Available energy; 7) Certainty of result desired actually manifesting; 8) Clarity of thought (visualizations, affirmations); 9) Consistency of thought (visualizations, affirmations); 10) Detachment from result.

The first three parameters involve the fundamental concepts, without which the potential of a visualization to manifest results is very severely limited. The fourth parameter involves your central intent; a half-hearted or unfocused visualization will inevitably fail. The fifth parameter simply means that you must open the opportunity for what you desire to come into your life, it is wise to make physical efforts to bring it about; it is easier to go through an open door than a closed one. The five remaining parameters involve focus and technique.

"Limiting beliefs are the primary obstacles that may be overcome by affirmation and visualization. To do so, you must learn to recognize them. Here are the limiting false beliefs I found most common in my travels. If you find yourself agreeing with any of them, then recognize this as an area in which you must personally work." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

The limiting beliefs of average people as listed by *Kalika* in her manuscript: "'Life is a valley of sorrows. The body is inferior; as a vehicle of the soul it is automatically degraded. The flesh is inherently bad or evil, its appetites are wrong.'"

"Some may find the body deplorable, thinking that the soul descended into it, descent automatically meaning the change from a higher or better condition to one that is lower or worse. Followers of our Egyptian religions often feel that it is their duty to deny the flesh, to rise above it. They believe that the earth experience is not desirable in itself. They believe: 'I am helpless before circumstances that I cannot control. I am helpless because my personality and character were formed in infancy and I am at the mercy of my past. I am helpless because I am at the mercy of events from past lives in other incarnations, over which I now have no control. I must be punished, or I am punishing myself for unkindness done to others in past lives. I must accept

the negative aspects of my life because of my past lives. People are basically bad, and out to get me. I have the truth and no one else has. Or, my group has the truth and no other group has. I will grow frailer, sicker, and lose my powers as I grow old. My existence is dependent upon my experience in flesh. When my body dies my consciousness dies with it.'"

"All these are utterly false beliefs. That was a general list of false beliefs. Here is a specific list of more intimate beliefs that I found to be common amongst the population of our great country of Egypt, any of which you may personally have about yourself." *—Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Additional false beliefs listed in *Kalika's* manuscript: 'I am sickly, and always have been. There is something wrong with wealth. People who have it are greedy, less spiritual than those who are poor. They are unhappier and snobs. I am not creative. I have no imagination. I can never do what I want to do. People dislike me. I always have bad luck.'

"I found these beliefs to be common to many people. Those who have these beliefs will meet them in experience. Physical experience will always seem to reinforce the beliefs for those that do not realize that the beliefs formed the reality. You must identify all such limiting concepts. First of all, you must realize that no one can change your beliefs for you, nor can they be forced upon you from without. You can indeed change them for yourself with knowledge and application." *—Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"Look about you. Your entire physical environment is the materialization of your beliefs. Your sense of joy, sorrow, wealth, poverty, health or illness—all of these are also caused by your beliefs. If you believe that a given situation should make you unhappy, then it will, and the unhappiness will then reinforce the condition. Within you is the ability to change your ideas about reality and about yourself, to create a personal living experience that is fulfilling to yourself and others. I encourage you to deeply examine your beliefs and identify those that are false. That is the essential step toward changing them." *—Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"False beliefs act as barriers to true creative power and freedom. You must recognize the existence of these barriers; you must learn to see them or you will not even realize that they are there. If you cannot see beyond them they may seem invisible as if nonexistent. There are recognitional affirmations that can abolish these barriers. These concepts consist of facts which, when

affirmed, become expanding ideas that automatically pierce false and inhibiting beliefs." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Kalika: "Here are affirmations that are statements of fact, they exist regardless of your belief or disbelief..."

There are no limits to my true self

There are no boundaries to my true self

There is no separation of my true self from All-That-Is

I create my own experience of reality

I am the architect of my life; I build its foundation and choose its contents

My body is healthy; my mind is brilliant; my soul is tranquil; I live in abundance

"You *must* recognize that each of your experiences in the physical world flows outward from the conscious aspect of your inner self, then you perceive these as exterior events. These exterior circumstances and conditions are meant to be living feedback. Altering the conscious aspects of your inner self automatically alters the exterior circumstances. There is no other valid way of changing physical circumstances or events. Your thoughts, feelings and inner mental pictures can genuinely be called incipient exterior events, for in one way or another each of these is materialized into physical reality. You change even the most seemingly permanent conditions of your life through the varying attitudes you have toward them. There is nothing in your exterior experience that did not originate within you." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Toward the end of *The Golden Crown*, *Kalika* leaves us with a beautiful thought: "It is your birthright to live in freedom, joy, abundance, beauty and love. Act out of knowingness in each moment. Act on what you have come to know rather than what the world of illusion is showing you. Stay with your knowing, no matter how deceiving appearances may be. This is the means by which all masters accomplish intuitive insight and power. They judge not by appearances, but act according to their knowledge. Realize and trust your inner knowing."

Regarding the Ancient 'People of the One'

This chapter is included on request of readers especially interested in this fascinating topic. In her manuscript, *The Golden Crown*, *Kalika* mentions the "tablets" of the People of the One several times as part of her most profound source material, yet does not elucidate who, exactly, the People of the One were, or are. Our insights have accumulated over a long period of time from various sources; through that process a legendary lost world began to reveal itself. In this section I will include several of the insights we have and let the reader arrive at his or her own analysis.

As already described, when Kenji was initially talking to me about *Kalika,* he brought up the tablets in a conversation that bears repeating: "What is *The Crown of Light*?" I asked, referring to the second of two manuscripts written by our brilliant *Kalika*.

"My friend, I will tell you what I can, yet recognize that from this point we move from the known to the speculative. I have never seen the manuscript of the second *Crown*. I know of only two that have; the Adept *Kalika* and *Sambhava*. As I have said, it has long been thought, long been hoped, to be nothing more than a myth, a project never truly begun, or begun but never completed. Yet *Sambhava* actually read it. It exists. He speaks of it only in generalities, and with a stern warning. Most simply stated, it sets forth a most profound knowledge, the ultimate knowledge of the nature of consciousness and what lies beyond, of the meditations necessary to achieve such vaulted levels of awareness, and of the techniques necessary to access the ultimate powers of those attainments. There is no doubt that *Kalika* possessed such knowledge. She had access to the tablets of the People of the One, who dwelt on islands in the Atlantic Ocean, long disappeared. They possessed this knowledge far before the existence of what you think of as civilization. The tablets were brought to the land you know of as Egypt thousands of years ago. In her time, *Kalika* was one of few with the ability to read and understand those writings. She correctly believed that the tablets could easily be destroyed, and in any case felt that the ability to translate the tablets could be lost forever. She was determined to preserve the knowledge of the ancient civilizations for future generations, and apparently succeeded."

"Tablets that came from Atlantis?" I manage to ask.

"Call it what you will. It is a land of many names, destroyed so long ago that even those who should know better consider it only a myth. The tablets still exist, forty-nine in number. They are of marble, inlaid with intricate gold lettering, quite beautiful. The language is similar to what you saw on the

chart we deciphered; like Senzar, only older."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 4)

* * *

Among the many amazing experiences Sari and I encountered during our quest to recover the first of *Kalika's* manuscripts from Chapadu, the treasure discoverer, was our visit to an ancient esoteric oracle temple.

I thought the temple impressive last night; after further investigation, I realize that it is vastly more so than I first perceived. The slabs that I stumbled over this morning are complete remains of what was once the roof. I cannot move them, but they are stacked in such a way that I am able to reconstruct, on paper, precisely how and where they rested. The roof was extensive, with a U-shaped cutout above the fire-bowl.

The style of the temple is of impressive simplicity, the design is rectangular. After making a simple device from cord, I am able to measure everything. A system of proportion reveals itself in every part of the structure, precisely like the Polycleitan canon, where all measurements bear a given relation to the diameter of the columns. The columns' height is exactly five times their average diameter. Each column enlarges slightly from base to middle, about three quarters of an inch in diameter, then tapers toward the top. The end columns are thicker than the other five. Every horizontal line of stylobate and entablature was curved upward toward its center, so that an eye stationed at one end of any supposedly level line could not see the farther half. All this curvature served as subtle correction for optical illusions that would otherwise have made stylobate lines seem to sink in the center, the columns to diminish upward from the base, and the end columns to appear thinner and outwardly inclined. Such elegant sophistication required considerable knowledge of mathematics and optics—this temple, whoever built it, is an extraordinary and beautiful merger of science and art. Here, as in physics, every straight line is a curve, and, as in a fine painting, every part was drawn toward the center in subtle composition. The result is a flexibility and grace that gives life and freedom to the very stone from which this temple is built.

But who built it? And when? Here is a mystery of epic magnitude. By crude evaluation of the deterioration of the edges of the granite from which this temple is constructed, the various parts must have been cut, at minimum,

several thousand years ago, possibly far earlier. As great a respect as I have for Tibet and its people, though they may have had a hand in this temple's construction, they did not design such a sophisticated structure in the very infancy of their civilization. This temple moves one not only in admiration of its perfection, but in palpable feeling of its life: here is order and graceful form, moderation in design, remarkable expression, all with exemplary proportion in the parts and unity in the whole—quiet perfection content with simplicity and a sublimity that owes nothing to size. These are achievements of a highly accomplished culture.

And something else: What other things of the art, science, and culture of whomever built this temple might linger elsewhere in these great mountains? The ability—and desire—to build this structure implies the ability to build much else. But why only a temple for oracular communications? It seems unlikely that they would have built this for themselves and have built nothing else. Was it perhaps a means of communicating comprehensible portions of their philosophy to a less sophisticated people?

I want to tell Sari of these discoveries, but I see that Sari and Mani are positioned in a shaded spot, meditating. My news can wait, I suppose. Poking around a little more, I notice that the front and back steps obviously go deeper into the soil; even in a thousand years a good deal of material would have been deposited around the foundation. I begin an excavation at one corner of the base slab, like a typical burrowing archeologist. Judging from the depth to which I can determine that the foundation reaches, my weight estimate must be increased to 150 tons. Within an hour, working toward the front steps, at a depth of about two feet I make another exciting find. Symbols. Long strings of them carved into the granite, grouped in several lines; without doubt this is a language of some type. I've never seen any like them, although, come to think of it, they look something like the runes on the gompa's ancient map. Might Mani know the meaning of these symbols?

Making several trips for water, I manage to scrub the inscriptions clean. I copy them, and make tracings. Something is nagging at me . . . of course, the chair. The symbols on the top of the Oracle's chair are of the same species, bracketed on each end by a mystic swastika, one going the "right" way, the other the opposite.

Sari and Mani arrive to learn of my inquiries. They sit on a bench and unbraid and brush each other's hair. Both have very straight hair naturally, but the wet braiding has created a wavy effect that is quite attractive. While

they groom one another, I fill them in on my discoveries and show them drawings of the roof.

Mani (who at this time was under a vow of silence from her master) takes one of my pads and writes: “I have always admired the beauty of this temple, but did not understand its sophistication. I know of no other structures made by the builders, yet it may be knowledge that has not been revealed to me. I have heard that they constructed vast and intricate chambers inside of certain sacred mountains, but have never seen such things.”

Perhaps time in its humorous manner has buried all their other works, as at its leisure it will cover ours. I mention the inscriptions. “Mani, do you have any idea of what the symbols might mean?”

“I cannot translate the language,” she writes, “I only know that it is that of the builders.”

“Can anyone read them? The abbot perhaps?”

Mani writes: “I do not know that anyone can read the symbols—the builders’ language is very ancient.”

“What can you tell me about these people, the builders?”

She ponders for a moment. “The lore of the temple and its builders, like its location, is sealed. Yet you have taken a sacred vow; if you agree your vow encompasses this knowledge, I will share it with you.”

Sari and I agree. (The following is herein presented only because Kenji, though agreeing that the temple’s location must remain unknown, briskly reminded Sari and I that legends regarding those who brought portions of their civilization from a mid-Atlantic landmass to various areas of the world are quite well known hence by definition no longer esoteric. Thus, he relieved us of that portion of our vow.)

Mani begins: “The traditions relate that the builders arrived some twelve millennia ago, from a land very distant, an island found in an immense shining sea to the west.” She glances at us, eyes dark blue. “It is said that they came because their island was sinking into the sea, and that the island was all that remained of a great continent that had broken up many ages ago.”

“Does the tradition relate how many ages ago?” I ask.

Mani hesitates, then writes: “Many, many ages.”

“Mani,” I press, “how long ago?”

She writes the number small, as if embarrassed by its size. “850,000 years.”

“Mani, does the tradition mention Atlantis, or Alanteans?”

“No.”

“Does it make mention of any names, of the island or of the people?”

“The land,” she writes, “was called Ruta; the people Rutas. They are also referred to as the People of the One.”

Sari snuggles against me. “Sweetie, I have heard much of such traditions. Mia has long instructed me about the great civilization that existed far to the west, in the ocean, now gone under the water, and about the People of the One. They had much to do with the early development of *B’on*, but only the esoteric wisdom system of the high shamans, not the outward religion.”

Mani writes: “This is so. The abbot has said much the same.” Mani gazes thoughtfully at Sari. “And I have read and studied much about the People of the One.”

What Mani writes of tallies nicely with the voluminous lore of Atlantis, brought to us most famously by Plato, but by many others as well, particularly the ancient Brahmaic and Egyptian traditions. Herodotus tells us that when Hecataeus of Miletus (550-476 B.C.) boasted to the Egyptian priests that he could trace his ancestry through fifteen centuries to a god, they quietly showed him, in a hidden sanctuary, the statutes of three-hundred-forty-five high priests, each the son of the preceding, making three-hundred-forty-five generations that their gods had reigned over the Nile valley since coming from a greatly cultured civilization in the Atlantic. Interestingly, three-hundred-forty-five generations equates to roughly twelve-thousand years, the twelve millennia Mani mentioned.

It was the belief of most Greeks that the primary elements of their civilization had come to them from Egypt; their legends ascribed the founding of several Greek cities to men, like Cadmus and Danaus, who had come from Egypt, or had brought Egyptian culture to Greece by way of Phoenicia or Crete. From the seventh century onward many wise and famous Greeks—Thales, Pythagoras, Solon, Plato, and Democritus will serve as examples—visited Egypt, and were much impressed by the fullness and antiquity of its culture, which had a mature civilization and highly developed arts two-thousand years before the fall of Troy. In the belief of Greek scholars like Herodotus and Plutarch, it was from Egyptian cults that arose the Orphic doctrine of a judgment after death, and the resurrection ritual of Demeter and Persephone at Eleusis.

Absent an ember, there can be no smoke; there is a kernel of truth in all such widely shared stories and they cannot be easily, or wisely, dismissed. It

is not merely possible but highly probable, as Aristotle thought, that many civilizations arose, developed a high culture, were destroyed, and lapsed from human memory. History, said Bacon, is the planks of a shipwreck; vastly more of the past is lost than has been saved. The reconstruction of the history of civilization is a precarious enterprise—only a fool would claim that all the earth's past is known. Every day the sea encroaches somewhere on the land, as within centuries most of our great coastal cities will be submerged, or the land upon the sea, as with Iceland and the island of Hawaii. To the geologic eye the surface of the earth is a fluid form.

How many civilizations, spoken of by the ancients yet later presumed—rashly and inaccurately—to be mythical, have been exhumed? Egypt, Crete, Sumeria, Yucatan and, of course, Troy. Schliemann, the resurrector of the many cities of Troy, and much else, believed that Atlantis had served as a mediating link between the cultures of Europe and Yucatan, and that Egyptian civilization had been brought from Atlantis. We cannot ignore the legends, current throughout history, of a civilization in the Atlantic, great and cultured, destroyed by a catastrophe of nature. The spades of archeology, as victorious as they have been, simply cannot reach the raised submarine plateau that may hold the grave of Atlantis; it is more remote to exploration than the surface of Mars.

Mani has been fidgeting and looking very thoughtful; suddenly she jumps down to where I excavated the symbols. She stares intently, then motions for us to join her. Taking my ever-present pad, she writes: "I have seen this set of symbols in an old text the abbot has hidden in the underchambers of the monastery. There are many, many ancient books there. He does not encourage me to view them." She smiles. "But I had reasons to look anyway. Now I am glad, for in that text are translations of many different sets of the ancient symbols. This set of symbols is there. If I can recall." She stops and closes her eyes. Now she writes:

Be it Known that this temple is consecrated in Light and dedicated to Awareness of the One —

For those who dwell in darkness, We bring Light.

For those who embrace superstition, We bring Liberation.

For those whose thought rises not above ignorance, We bring Knowledge.

For those enslaved by strife and toil, We bring Freedom.

For those who know only fear, We bring Bliss.
For those who see only ugliness, We bring Beauty.
For all those who journey in the gloom, We provide this Port of Light.

Mani peers back and forth between the symbols and the pad, then writes: “I think this is correct. It is possible some words may be different and there may be more.”

What she has written seems to correlate; the temple symbols have what appear to be an introductory line followed by seven additional lines. This is incredible. If Mani’s translation is accurate, it indicates that the temple was indeed, at least in part, utilized for the education of the local population. But how long ago? And why?

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 27)

* * *

During a later conversation, Kenji spoke to Sari of the legendary nature of the People of the One.

“In a theoretical sense, many millions have descended from the People of the One, but precious few of those know their heritage. You see, my dear, the People of the One came to this land long ago; some one-hundred-twenty centuries have passed since that time. When their islands, remnants of the great continent, began to sink, they migrated over a period of several decades. Many went to small colonies that had been established to the east, others went to the west. Upon the arrival of those who journeyed east, they found what homes they could. The existing population was to them quite barbaric, not at all to their liking, so they tended to isolated communities in areas bearing a harsh climate, so less populated. They had largely lost their ability to replicate their earlier technologies, so did they best they could. And naturally, over time, they blended with other peoples. Human memory is fragile and short, my dear, all too short. The descendants of the People of the One maintained knowledge of their heritage as well as they could. Yet, over time, such memories became increasingly vague. Over such great periods of time their memories of their home, their memories of their history, their memories of who they truly were, passed into legends, then eventually into myths. In the space of merely ten centuries, most knew of the People of the One only through legends. In twenty-five centuries, their ancestors and their homeland had passed into myth. In fifty centuries, only those into whose

hands the sacred knowledge had been passed, and those who were enabled to recall past lives, still retained knowledge of their true history. In a hundred centuries, most all of the knowledge had been lost, not only to memory, but through the ongoing destruction of books and manuscripts meant to preserve some vestige of the past."

Kenji closes his eyes and sighs. "And there came the age when clan chieftains and others who had maintained a rule of hereditary succession over organized tribal groups began to adopt the practice—the ruse—of proclaiming themselves of royal descent, or even of divine descent. This practice was I believe a result of memories or legends of the Grand House, the royalty of the People of the One, and its family structure, the original and only true royalty, to use the term correctly. As other lines of so-called royal blood endured, the existence of a true royal line was considered threatening by some. The vicious or despotic amongst the self-christened royals who possessed knowledge of the past considered the existence of true or transcendent royalty to be highly dangerous. If one of true royal heritage were to step forth, perhaps demonstrate powers considered magical, claim descent from the Grand House and offer the people freedom from tyranny, they would be able to unseat the imposters. Efforts were made to locate and destroy anyone connected by local legend to the Grand House. The extant true members of the Grand House came here, to this valley, where they could not be found."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 10)

- Section III: Background -

The purpose of this section is to provide the reader some background surrounding the discovery and retrieval of *Kalika's* manuscript - '*The Golden Crown*' - via the following nine excerpts from the full account as found in the book: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*. Readers not interested in this section can return to the Table of Contents here, or skip ahead to the Associated Material Anthology section here. Thank you.

In the quest to retrieve the manuscript, I had the companionship of an extraordinary young lady, Sari, who was born and raised in *Siddhalaya*, and, during my first few weeks in *Siddhalaya*, had become my constant

companion. The first time I saw Sari is an event indelibly etched in my memory; both the visual and the emotional impacts were entirely unexpected. The visual impression was understandable. She is as beautiful a woman as I have ever met. Moreover, she is bright, intelligent, consistently sweet and genuinely kind. Even so, the depth of the feelings I experienced upon first meeting her—which have endured and matured—seemed unaccountably deep and quite mysterious. The reference guide to individuals appearing can be found here.

The Discovery of *Kalika's* Manuscript

It is early morning. Reflected sun is full on the water and my tent is filled with enchanting, undulating reflections. I lounge in my sleeping bag thinking of breakfast. I hear rustling outside, then a light tapping on the rain-fly. I pull on shorts and peer out. Sari peers in. Long hair shining, eyes glistening, she smiles coyly. She looks incredible, quite beyond my ability to describe.

We've been spending a lot of time together lately. It seems like we manufacture reasons, yet we always accomplish things; she has been helping me with local colloquialisms and I with her English, which she is absorbing with amazing quickness. (Sari now mixes Nepali and English quite readily, which can be confusing, so here I will offer translations that make sense rather than literal ones, which may not. This also for the irrepressible Sherpa Jampla, who can be even more difficult to understand as he has picked up a smattering of other languages and considerable slang from his many climbing expeditions.)

As always, she says "*Namas-te*," the standard greeting in Nepal, meaning "I salute you." Then, "The High Lama wishes to talk to you. He has a mission (literally, job or task) for you. It is a great honor."

She presses forward, as if wanting to enter. I spy Jampla lurking in the background, grinning like a mountain madman, which he may be. I slide back into the tent as far as possible and Sari slides in.

Now Jampla appears at the tent flap, with his madman's grin. "Let's go," he says. We follow Jampla to the courtyards. Sari stays right at my side; a wonderfully comfortable sensation. She stays very close and hooks her finger in my side pocket as we walk.

The Lama is sitting with a group, talking, but rises when he sees us

approach. He cocks his head and stares at me. “My, surely our valley has been beneficial to you; there is an evident increase in the light of your aura.” He looks at Sari and bows his head slightly. “And yours too, my dear.”

She beams. Sari revers Lama Karpa, as do all the people of this village. Karpa nods toward Lama Dhanaga, who signals us to join him. “Come with me,” Dhanaga says. Sari and I follow him up the lakefront to a secluded area in the northernmost courtyard. We sit and, in a moment, a chela brings a tray with tea. This is unusual here by the lake; our meeting seems to be quite the event.

Lama Dhanaga speaks in his usual direct way. “In a small village to the north there is a document, a text recently unearthed by Chapadu, a *tertoen* (Tibetan; treasure-discoverer) from the line of the great treasure hunter Karma Lingpa. Chapadu believes it may have been written by the supreme adept *Padma Sambhava* himself. Whatever it may be, it is a treasure of great value. It must be brought here for reading, exegesis, and safe keeping.”

This is remarkable news.

Lama Karpa joins us, taking Sari’s hand. “I am so glad you have come. Both of you.”

“Dhanaga has told us of the document,” I say. “This is extraordinary. This kind of find, happening now, it’s just incredible.”

“Yes,” Lama Karpa agrees. “We do not yet know with what subjects the text deals, but all of *Padma Sambhava’s* texts are found just when they are of the greatest relevance.”

“Are you sure that it is one of *Sambhava’s* writings or collections?,” I ask.

“No. That is speculation. The location in which it was found—near Zhongasi, the village where the text has been taken—is in contested territory, and subject to periodic Chinese incursion. The gompa has no lama in residence; he has gone to safer quarters. There is no one there to authenticate the document.”

Lama Karpa pauses to reach into his garment; he produces several sheets of folded paper. “This is the most recent communication from Chapadu.” He reads for a moment. “The manuscript appears to be in two parts. Chapadu can read the first part, which he believes may have been written by *Sambhava*. He is unable to penetrate the second section, which comprises the bulk of the text.” He hands me one sheet. “There, on the bottom, Chapadu has drawn some of the figures that appear at the heading of that section. Do you recognize them?”

I take the paper, dirty and of poor grade, and examine the figures. I am dumbfounded. There is no doubt of what they are. “My god, these are glyphs.” I stare at the paper in disbelief, apparently, as everyone stays silent. “These figures are Egyptian hieroglyphics, middle to late period, from what I see here.”“

“Are you certain?” asks Lama Karpa.

“If what’s in the document looks like what Chapadu drew on this paper, yes,” I reply.

Lama Karpa is gazing at the lake; one can see the wheels turning. Clearly, he is taking my observation seriously. “An Egyptian document,” he says, as if to himself. At length he turns back to face us. “With, I suspect, a commentary, perhaps written by *Sambhava*. Such a text is mentioned in certain arcane literature. It would be invaluable. Epic. Historically unprecedented. All the more reason for diligence.”

“Where was the document found?” I ask.

“High on a mountain, that’s all we know,” Lama Dhanaga replies.

“How in the world could an ancient Egyptian text end up on a mountain in northern Tibet?” I ask.

Karpa and Dhanaga look at each other, then at me. “There is much you do not know of the history of our land and that of the ancient civilizations,” Dhanaga says.

Karpa adds, “The adepts of all ages communicated freely; many of the greatest adepts arose in Egypt. Many of their most precious documents and artifacts were brought here for safekeeping. Some are of unspeakable antiquity; they had been brought to Egypt from a great civilization that faced destruction. I might add that the tableland of Tibet and the Gobi contain many ruins of their own civilizations of prehistory, as you would call it. Large numbers of documents have been recovered from the vast underground library crypts that exist there. They have been re-hidden in various places. The most crucial documents we have ourselves recovered and safely stored. And do not forget, the Egyptian adepts anticipated the partial destruction of the great Alexandrian library. Thousands of ancient parchments were removed before that library was damaged. Many were brought to these mountains to be placed beyond the gate for safekeeping. There is very much more to this story than I can now relate.”

Karpa smiles. “I do not wish to convey the impression that I will not explain; perhaps some other time. The important thing is that *Sambhava*, or

someone, came into possession of this Egyptian document, researched it, apparently felt is significant enough to compose a commentary, then stored it for future discovery."

"Lama Karpa," I say, "Sari has told me that you have a task that you would like me to perform. I will be honored to do whatever you request, of course. But I'm curious; does it have something to do with this new text of *Sambhava's*?"

Karpa nods. "Yes. It is quite simple really. I want you and Sari to meet Chapadu in the village of Zhongasi, retrieve the document, and bring it here."

Now I know what Sari meant when she said she would be going with me. "Why would you choose me for this task? I mean, why not emissaries from *Siddhalaya* gompa?"

Lama Karpa leans close. "First, I have not chosen you. I have chosen you and Sari. There is a considerable difference. The reasons are many, not all of which I am free to share." Karpa rises, paces in front of us. "You are aware of the situation that exists with China and its inimical occupation of Tibet; there is no need to discuss that. The Chinese endorse only their own representatives of the Buddhist culture; they do not recognize the legitimacy of the Dali Lama or the Tashi Lama. This is a wild land, as you know. The government of Nepal does little to protect us; in reality it cannot. The Chinese troops posted near the border have been specifically chosen for their duty, as has their commander. They are not sympathetic to those that they see as religious. There have been many problems in gompas that lie near the border. An official delegation would only draw unwanted attention."

"The Chinese troops abound in brigandage," Dhanaga says. "They are always on the lookout for artifacts they believe valuable to scholars in China."

"There are many bandits too," Sari adds.

"This is true," Dhanaga agrees. "Some would not bother a delegation, yet others certainly would, simply because it was a delegation."

"This is interesting," I say, "but doesn't explain why you would send Sari and I on such a mission."

Karpa frowns. "We are not sending you. We are asking you to go. Your chances of success are very good."

Now Dhanaga stands and summons more tea. "There are some nasty bands of rogues in that area, as in many places in Nepal and Tibet. Some months ago, a lama and a small group of monks were traveling near

Zhongasi. They were set upon by one of those roguish groups. What the thieves did not realize was that there was an adept in the company, whose presence, I might add, was unbeknownst to the lama or anyone in the group, at least up to that time. Of course, nothing that the brigands were capable of doing could actually hurt the adept, but he was forced to act to save the others from harm." Grinning, he adds, "I understand that the bandits suddenly found themselves in the midst of dozens of images of fierce Mongol warriors of old and, it seems, fled in disorganized terror."

"Mongol warriors?" I ask.

"Well," Dhanaga responds, "they were only thought forms produced by the adept, but they worked quite nicely, and with no bloodshed necessary."

Thought forms? "Okay, so we've established that there are some nasty characters that may be interested in stealing artifacts, or anything else, probably. But that still doesn't explain why Sari and I are a good choice to undertake this mission."

Lama Karpa smiles and offers more tea. I am floating, so decline. Dhanaga accepts and sits next to Sari. "Sari is from the village of *Siddhalaya*. This they will know. And you are a Westerner, which is obvious from your appearance." He grins as if this explains everything.

"I still don't get it."

"The Chinese troops may be unruly, but they are very careful of Westerners, on orders of their high commanders," Karpa explains. "And the adept in the party set upon by bandits?—he happens to be wearing an Indian body in his present incarnation, but one of strong British descent; light skin, brown hair, light brown eyes. I imagine the bandits will be very careful of persons of similar appearance for quite a long time, given their experience."

"Alright," I say, "but what about Sari? What difference does it make to them or the troops that she is from *Siddhalaya*, and how would they know anyway?"

Dhanaga gestures toward Sari while staring at me in stern disbelief. "Because they are not blind. They are not are blind, that is why."

Karpa reaches over and gently lowers Dhanaga's hand. "Sari's beauty would strike them as utterly unreal, as magical. Through contact with travelers and traders, all steeped in the ancient lore, both the troops and the brigands have heard much of the existence of a magical village somewhere in these vast mountains, populated by a magical people. There is little we can do about such tales. It is only legend to them, naturally, yet nonetheless ominous

in their eyes."

"Why ominous?"

"They believe that powerful gods live here, and from here rule this realm," replies Dhanaga. "Gods that would not approve of their practices."

Not far wrong, I think.

"And," Karpa goes on, "they will surmise that Sari is from here, believe me, and that will give them pause, to be sure."

"Okay. If Sari and I were to agree to this venture, when would we leave?"

"If you agree, we will let you know as soon as all is right for the journey," Karpa says. "There are many factors to consider. But we must know your decision soon."

"How far is this Zhongasi?" I inquire.

Dhanaga takes more tea. "There are no high passes on the route. Two or three days out, two or three days back." He peers at me over the rim of his cup. "If all goes well."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 10)

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The celebration at the *Siddhalayan* gompa's east court has come to a close. Young helpers are removing the colorful candle-lanterns from the trees and returning benches and tables indoors. The celebration coincides with Sari's birthday, and that party is now in full swing. At least thirty people are here, Sari's parents, her younger sister Shrina, her older sister Chiricu, and many others, all familiar faces now. Gifts are presented, music plays, Jampla has fetched two more barrels of chang, his "special batches," as he tells me. I feel completely at home and very happy. Sari loves the gift I gave her, I'm glad to see. (Chang is the local brew made from fermented barley, and is, to me at least, an acquired taste.)

By midnight, the only persons left in the courtyard are Fenn, Maxi, Jampla, Chiricu, Shrina, Sari and I, all gathered around a table, all deeply absorbed in conversation, all drinking chang. Well, almost all. Chiricu, while drinking little chang herself, allowed Shrina to drink quite a bit, with predictable result. Shrina, attempting to get a rise out of Sari, was very animated and increasingly flirtatious with me—for a time—now she is draped over my right shoulder, sound asleep.

The gompa doors fly open; here comes Lama Dhanaga. Are we making

too much noise? Now Lama Karpa emerges. The lamas' garb is casual but their stride is not.

Dhanaga reaches us first. "Good, you are still here."

Chiricu, Maxi, and Sari greet the lama politely. Shrina is mute, and so is Fenn, but not for the same reason probably.

"What is it Dhanaga?" Jampla inquires.

Never at a loss for words, Dhanaga opens his mouth to begin, then looks around the table. "More chang?" he asks.

"Yes, two barrels of my best, as appropriate for my best friends and my sister-in-law's birthday," Jampla responds.

"Do you think that . . . that I may join you?" Dhanaga asks.

"Of course," Jampla replies loudly. "Sit down, sit down."

Lama Karpa arrives and greets us. "Oh my. Chang? And one of your special batches, I imagine."

"It is indeed," Jampla says. "Would you care for some, old lama? Dhanaga's in for it."

"So I see. Well. Yes, I believe I would. Why not?"

This is a banner occasion, not something you see every day, much like the rest of what we saw tonight. But why are the lamas here so late, I wonder? "Why are you here so late?" I ask, noting with pleasure that my training as a mathematician and logician comes in handy for coordinating speech with thought after consuming a good deal of chang, thereby demonstrating such training as good for something.

Lama Karpa drains a glass with charming alacrity. "We have an interesting development to discuss with you."

"Who?" I ask.

"You," he replies.

This seems clear enough. "What is it?"

"The *tertoen* Chapadu has been forced to leave Zhongasi," Karpa says.

Fenn perks up. "Why would he leave Zhongasi?"

Dhanaga draws another glass. "It seems that he was casting about for someone who could read the Egyptian writing; very unwisely, I think. His curiosity to know what secrets the text may hold overcame his caution."

"His inquiries reached ignoble and treacherous ears," Karpa adds.

"Is the manuscript safe?" Sari asks.

"As far as we know, yes," Karpa replies. "But for how long, we cannot say. And that is the point."

“The point?” I ask.

“The point of our visit,” Karpa explains.

“And that would be what?” I inquire.

“Chapadu was alerted that danger was afoot,” Dhanaga responds. “Like all good *tertoens*, he took to his heels. From what we have learned, he returned to the mountain where the manuscript was found, west of Zhongasi. He is now hiding in the valley southwest of the mountain.”

“This is a matter of great urgency,” Karpa says. “The sooner we recover the manuscript from Chapadu the safer it will be. It must not be allowed to fall into profane hands.”

“I have seen that valley,” Chiricu says. “Father and I once traveled through that region to reach a village on the highlands. It is large and rugged, with many rivers.”

It doesn’t take a logician to predict what’s coming next. Everyone is silent. “How soon,” I say, without any real thought, “do you want us to leave?”

“Oh!” Sari exclaims. She gives me a kiss on the cheek then whispers, “Thank you sweetie.” (This is not a literal translation of her actual word, which, being a corruption, i.e., a hybrid composed of words from two or more languages, does not appear in any translational dictionary; it is a term of endearment and means, according to Maxi, the ‘nectar of a special flower.’ Thus, ‘sweetie’ seems close enough.)

“This is wonderful,” Jampla bellows. “Chang for everyone.” His offer is well accepted, except by Chiricu, who frowns and pokes him in the ribs.

“Is this valley farther than Zhongasi?” I ask.

“I am not certain,” Dhanaga replies. “One moment,” he says, and strides off toward the gompa.

“It is not much farther,” Chiricu offers. “Maybe a day or two. But to reach it you must travel through an area where two trade routes merge.”

“True, the way takes you through more dangerous lands,” Jampla agrees. “At the point where you would have turned northeast to Zhongasi, now you must go northwest.”

“Why is that more dangerous?” I ask.

“That region and its trade routes attract bandits,” Karpa explains. “There are many ravines convenient for ambush. At times the area virtually bristles with brigands; when aroused, they behave with unbridled wildness.”

Jampla agrees. “They are quite capable of sharp practices.”

“And there are the traders themselves,” Sari adds ominously, “from the primitive lands.”

“Trading parties are dangerous?” I ask.

Sari, Chiricu and Maxi nod.

“Traders are rouges,” Fenn says, “dishonest almost to a man. Believe me.”

Jampla leans forward and grins. “But they may be well dealt with by understanding their code. Steal from the weak and cheat the stupid. They deal squarely only with those they must, eh?”

“Very true,” Karpa says. “They are ruthless before weakness but cringing before power. Nevertheless, they should be avoided.”

“And exactly how do we do that?” I ask, since this question seems most relevant.

“We will cross the area at night.” Sari says.

“At night? Isn’t that even more dangerous?” I ask.

“The brigands are primitive,” Karpa explains, “and highly superstitious. They will not go abroad in darkness; they fear any number of demons and malevolent spirits.”

Sari reads my thought. “At night they cluster together; their watchfires will mark them.”

Dhanaga returns with a large parchment in his hand. It is a map, crisp and uncreased. I ask if it is new. “Yes, I made it only yesterday,” he says, quite modestly, laying the map out in front of us. It is beautifully executed and very detailed, in fine strokes and multiple colors. “Dhanaga,” I comment, “this is a very, very nice piece of cartography.”

“Oh. Well, thank you. I very much enjoy making maps; it involves geometry, you know. I made this to help you to Zhongasi, of course, but it does include the valley to which Chapadu retreated; off toward the edge, adjacent to this peak, right here.” He points to an area near the top of the chart.

“What’s it called?” I ask.

“I do not believe it has a name,” Dhanaga responds.

This is typical of the Great Range and gives an idea of its magnitude; where else on this planet would an eighteen- or nineteen-thousand foot peak be considered too insignificant to warrant a name?

Dhanaga, Fenn, and Jampla huddle over the map.

“How long will it take to get there?” I wonder aloud.

Fingers trace out a route, comments are offered, opinions are shared; the discussion continues for several minutes. Finally, Jampla announces the result. “Traveling light and fast with no complications, not more than five days.”

“Lama,” I ask, “may we take this map?”

“By all means. I made it for you and Sari.”

“But there is much more you need to know,” Jampla asserts.

We gather over the map and I tear out a few sheets from a journal to take notes, though wondering if I’ll be able to later read my chang influenced scribbles.

“Almost all your march will be off established trails,” Chiricu says, indicating the preferred track, “but not difficult.” We discuss details of the travel and the terrain, then of the valley where Chapadu is presumed to be hiding.

“All right. Now, were in the valley is Chapadu holed-up?” I ask, ready to scribble the answer.

Karpa and Dhanaga look at each other. “We do not know,” Karpa says. “You will have to find him.”

“Wait a second,” I say. “That valley is pretty big—what?—five or six miles long by about three wide. How in the world are we supposed to find him, especially when he’s hiding?”

Sari smiles and pats my hand. “I will find him.”

“How?” I ask, a seemingly rational question. Searching a rugged, river-ridden valley of that size could take a week or more.

“It will not be a problem to find Chapadu,” Sari assures.

“I am sure it will not,” Karpa says softly.

Dhanaga runs his hand over the chart, slowly, as if feeling the route. “But, to pass in darkness the tract where the trade routes lie, you must leave soon; no later than daybreak.”

Great. Yet Sari is happy, something I love to see, and we will be alone together on this trip. And the manuscript. I’ve hardly thought of it, there’s been so much else going on. This valley, I’ve found, is capable of imposing quite a few surprises; life here does not always turn at a slow pace.

Karpa and Dhanaga stand and smile at us. Karpa looks at the sky. “In six hours the sun will rise. You will be ready. Do what you must to prepare, then rest. I will see you before you depart.” He and Dhanaga turn and retire to the gompa.

Jampla fingers the lamas' empty glasses. "So many wonders in one day," he muses.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 18)

Table of Contents Guide to Individuals Appearing

The Quest

"*Once upon a time, forests were repositories of magic for the human race*."
—Burnside

We stroll softly through a village dark and silent; apart from a few patrolling felines, no one is about. Three or four homes show light in the windows, lantern glow or the flickering of an early and welcome warm fire. As we pass the building that serves *Siddhalaya* as a schoolhouse, art center, meeting house, lecture hall, and much else, we see lights in one room and smoke curling skyward from a chimney. Dhanaga is preparing, I suppose, to teach some early class here. What a remarkable man; there are more dimensions to his character than I originally suspected.

Out of the darkness comes a cat, trotting pertly, tail straight up in the air, vibrant with recognition. "Sari, here comes Puka." (Puka is Sari's cat, a good-sized male, fairly fat with dense fur in a rich orange-on-butterscotch tabby scheme.) I have always loved cats, and Puka is a particularly attractive example of this fine animal.

"Puka," Sari says, picking him up. He stares attentively for a moment, then looks skyward. "You must be a good cat. Do not follow us. We are back soon, and we have a new home for you." Apparently displeased with some part of this news, Puka swivels his ears back and struggles a bit; Sari thrusts him at me. He is purring like mad. Cats, for whatever reason, always like me and Puka is no exception. He settles down in my arms with a blissful look. There is little chance of him following.

Some weeks ago, when Sari and I journeyed to the South River to sun and meditate, she insisted on lugging Puka along. Like most cats, he resented being carted about like so much baggage, so resisted until we cleared the village. Past the stone structures he had never before ventured; there he became rather rigid and comically watchful, glancing furtively about in every

direction. This region abounds with wolves, but they will not come within the confines of the buildings, hence the astute cat does not wander beyond the village. *Siddhalaya's* existing cat population, as an inevitable result, consists exclusively of astute cats. When we reached the river and released him, Puka undertook a very whimsical exploration of the river bank. Eventually he slipped from a rock and fell into a gentle eddy, wherefrom he swam quite impressively to a place he could exit, with as much grace as allowed by his situation. He was not however spared the indignity of our seeing his true under-form. Puka is large and furry, yet his normal appearance is a fluffy illusion. Underneath all the fur is a bony little structure, with a tail like a flimsy stick. Sari insisted on drying him with our only towel, but it was too late, we had seen his secret, his image was forever damaged. This he seems to know. And humility is usually so hard to find in a cat.

I attempt to hand him back to Sari. "Here's your cat, little fox."

"Our cat," she corrects. "Well, actually he is his own cat, but he lives with us in our new home, so he is also our cat."

I put him down. Immediately he begins, with long rough tongue, a restoration of all the fur that was mussed during the cradling and petting operations. We leave him to his task as he appears to know what he is doing, although with cats, one is never really sure.

As we pass the last of *Siddhalaya's* buildings, Sari pauses to look at her boots. "The path is smooth, I will not need these for a while." She looks up. "Yes?"

"If you want. Are you sure it won't be too cold on your little feet?"

She shakes her head and sits to unlace. "Michael, I have a plan."

"You do?"

"Mmmhmmm. We must go fast and not stop until we reach a place I know, a wonderful place with sun, a nice stream, flowers and soft grass. We will be there in early afternoon. Then we will spend time together, like we want." She looks at me wistfully. "A long time." I cannot imagine any objection to this plan. "After that," she continues, "we will travel in the evening, to be positioned for tomorrow's travel."

I tie her boots on the back of my pack. This plan provides a powerful motive for speedy hiking, and Sari sets off at a brisk pace. I am quite content to follow her lead. She selects a direct route and we dodge about the huge spruce trees in our path. As we pass the point where the white cliff turns north by northwest, Sari stops. "Here is a good place. We will do our

outcome visualization here, yes?"

We discuss this proposed visualization in detail, as Sari feels that we should hold identical images of the outcome we desire. We decide on a simple one: We are returned and hiking past this exact spot on our way to the village, with the text recovered, very happy and looking forward to moving into our new home. And, Sari adds, we can see that Puka is very excited to see us. She explains that the more happy, i.e., positive, the emotions we feel during our visualization, the more force behind it to propel it into our experience of being. We lean against the cliff and internally view our scene; once it is very clear, with all possible details included, we surround the vision with light, and let it go.

This is a very nice process and, I believe—have long believed—is very effective. At one time, such a convention may have been dismissed as wishful thinking, but visualization is now commonly used by many people of great accomplishment. To this development might accurately be applied the term "progress," unlike so many specious ways this powerful rhetorical term is utilized.

Now we enter the valley to the north of *Siddhalaya*. Winding through brush and boulders to emerge from a thicket of small pines, we are afforded an astonishing spectacle. To the west is a mountain, not large by *Himalayan* standards, but equipped with a triangular pinnacle bedizened in ice and snow. As the sun rises in a notch to the east, the tip of this peak is illuminated against light-streaked midnight blue, presenting the appearance of an enormous and perfect white pyramid floating in the sky. I have seen many strange and spectacular natural illusions, but nothing quite like this.

Sari is spellbound. "This is a good sign," she whispers.

Like an omen, I suppose; not something I would normally ascribe to, but in face of what I am seeing it is difficult not to. It looks exactly like a great pyramid in the sky; I can clearly see perspective, there is precision and exactness in its edges, they are perfectly flat and straight; even the bottom surface of this mirage can be seen. In a few moments it changes dramatically. Presently it looks like an illuminated peak in early morning; gone are the pyramidal features and exactitude of line and structure. Yet I am tempted to conclude that there really was an enormous white pyramid floating on the air; the presence of the peak in the same spot seems only a humorous coincidence. Or could this be a challenge? Which will you believe, now that you see the peak? Is the peak enough to cause you to doubt what you so

obviously saw? Are you that easily misled, after all that you have so far seen?

"Sari, do you think that could have actually been a pyramid in the air, where the peak is now?"

She looks at me with something like concern. "Well . . ."

Now she's thinking, which means she doesn't know what to say, so I consider withdrawing the question.

"It is possible," she offers, "but I have never seen one before."

"Right. Not floating in the air, anyway. Never mind," I suggest. I realize that Sari has never seen the world's great pyramids, in Mexico and Egypt, or any pyramid at all, for that matter. She has seen pictures, of course, but not the real items. Actually, in the case of the pyramids at Giza, photos may be enough, and certainly more comfortable. The pyramids are a rather long trip from the displeasing and very un-Egyptian city of Cairo, along a bad road. From afar they look small; as one approaches they rise into the air, finally assuming an imposing aspect. One may stand where Caesar and Napoleon stood, with fifty centuries towering above. The experience gives a new perspective of time; the great Egyptian pyramids were far more ancient to their early European visitors than Caesar or Herodotus are to us.

Our route takes us north, up the wide river chasm. Shortly we pass a rugged side canyon. I endeavor to catch up with Sari, who hikes very gracefully with deceptive speed.

Now, surprisingly, a light rain begins to fall. Several great lammergeiers wheel their nine-foot wingspans though the shifting sky above us. The gold-headed birds float and turn, slowly disappearing down the ravine. At mid-morning, as the ridge to our west dips, we reach the point where we must climb and hike for some miles northwest along the ridge top. Sari is a tireless hiker, over rocks, gravel, water, scree; whatever need be overcome, like this low but steep ridge, which we crest with relative ease.

Now below us, in the gorge to our west, a powerful river rages; the ground beneath us drones with its energy. Sari halts to gaze down across the black torrent. Through the rising mist I can see a small shrine, placed at the northern terminus of the deadly track—the ledge trail. Some eighteen miles to the south it traverses an enormous granite cliff—for almost a half-mile the trail follows a narrow ledge across that sheer face. The highest point of the cliff is over two-thousand feet above the trail; below it plunges three-thousand-five-hundred feet to a wild jumble of white river and black rock. All trails in the Great Range are wild; where this perilous trail traverses the

cliff it departs the wild and becomes the savage.

"Dehtati," Sari whispers. She turns her beautiful eyes to me; they glisten, but there are no tears.

"I'm so sorry baby," I whisper.

"No. There is no sorrow. Dehtati decided to save others. She helped three children reach a safe place, then went back for a girl and her baby. She pushed them to safety. She was going for others when the planks gave way."

Sari is right; it was no tragedy, only a brave essay that was lost.

Sari places her hands on my chest and gazes at me. "Michael, I love her with all my strength. All. Do you know that?"

"I do."

"And do you know that you love her too? She is within me. I feel her. When you touch me, you touch her. When you love me, you love her too."

"Sari . . ." I whisper.

"And Dehtati loves you. She loves you very much. Through me. Through my love."

I do not trust my voice. I nod.

"My sister is very brave. She is very strong. Do you think that I am so brave, Michael? Am I that strong?"

I want this question to be rhetorical, for I have no certain answer. I believe the answer is yes; I hope it is, for the brave are well in any event—they can live anywhere in any time—only cowards dread and lose what may be gained from life.

Sari looks away, down at the shrine. There are offerings piled about; all those who safely pass the trail leave something. "Those offerings," she says softly, "there would be much more if those who were lost had given them instead of those who crossed safely."

As we set-out along the ridge top, it strikes me what Sari meant, and what an incisive comment it really was. Most people will pass their entire lives without saying anything nearly so terse. Karpa was right; there is much more to this girl than I yet understand.

We travel carefully along the crest, over terrain furnished with battalions of jutting rock formations, sharp stones and dwarfed trees. After a few difficult miles the ridge widens; our hike eases and I am able to enjoy the mythic view; all around the sky rise mountains of awesome size, strangeness and grandeur. Snow clouds appear over the eastern peaks; as they drift above us the shining river turns to black. They float west, then dissipate. After they

pass, the sun burns hot and dry.

Shortly after mid-day we descend into a small, beautiful valley, sweet with drifting scents of pine and flowers, in groves of oak and walnut trees. The hum of mountain bees fills the air. Ahead runs a broad stream, flowing gently, plentiful and crystal clear, catching golden-white sparkles from the sun and sapphire tints from the stainless sky. The banks of the stream are nearly level with the water, thickly covered in fine grass minutely mosaicked with tiny white flowers. Here and there the emerald grass is dotted with groups of larger, star-shaped blossoms of yellow and deep lavender. This is a place of extraordinary beauty.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 20)

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My thoughts drift to where I am and what I've experienced; and why. It all began with a dream, one that—wisely or unwisely—I was compelled to follow. That dream has metamorphosed into a dream far more magnificent and astonishing than I could ever have imagined. Being here, in this pure air, the scene seems not quite real; the sunlight is too soft, the shade too black, and the mountains too stark, as if in an illuminated painting. It is stunningly surreal, as is everything I have experienced. I feel a strong sense that all of the mysterious things that exist in these mountain, even if located, can never quite be found.

I have the distinct sensation of being in a dream, as if I may suddenly awaken. Often I feel these concerns, that, if I am not actually dreaming, then I am walking through some magnificent dreamscape from which I would dread to awaken. And what of the manuscript we have been sent to recover? An ancient Egyptian text mysteriously found in Tibet? That does not seem even remotely possible. I realize that my concerns only complicate matters, but there's no sense in pretending that they are not there.

Whatever has happened, or will happen, being with Sari is an absolute wonder. Never have I felt so totally at home, so utterly comfortable with someone. It is very much like we are two parts of the same whole, yet not the same parts; she is constantly surprisingly me, constantly making me feel the deepest joy in her company, consistently making me recognize the wonderment of each new moment. I feel a sense of belonging so overwhelming as to bring tears and laughter at the same time; a sense of

immersion in some divine presence. I am deeply moved by a profound realization: For the first time since vaguely remembered childhood, I feel as if I am not alone.

I awaken to the smell of a fire. Sari has adeptly slipped out of our tent without waking me, made a fire and is crouched close to the flames, stirring a small pan. It is barely light—it is cold this early, yet Sari wears only one of my light wool shirts; her bare legs show attractively, and her thin garment clings to her form and reveals it in all the splendor of feminine maturity. I huddle farther down into the warm sleeping bag. Sari is far more immune to such low temperatures than I will ever be.

I am thankful to be awake. Seemingly only moments ago, I had a disturbing dream involving the bandits and brigands that the Lamas Karpa and Dhanaga warned we may encounter on this journey, ones capable of sharp practices which, I assume, could indeed mean unbridled wildness, a match for the wildness of this land. It is not easy to set limits on people whose roguery is inveterate and bred in the bone; they are ruthless and insatiable and have no occasion to stop at a thousand paces any more than at fifty. Such is the frenzy of the disordered mind. They are however apparently quite superstitious; this is a bonus. It is a very useful impression that vices, even if they escape the dim and uncertain sight of human justice, will always remain a target for divine justice, which will pursue them even after the death of the guilty.

I think of rising, but Sari interrupts me with a gift. A cup of coffee! “Sari, thank you beautiful. Where did you get coffee?”

“Maxi slipped it in with the food. She said you might need it in the mornings, to better wake up.”

This is a treat. I ran out some time ago, and coffee is difficult to come by in the village. It’s hot and strong, slightly sweet with honey. “Do I really need to wake up?” I tease. “It seems too early.”

Sari nods. “Yes sweetie. Drink your coffee,” she says, looking impatient. Now for certain I am awake. We dress and warm ourselves by the fire. After a small breakfast we break camp. This morning our track takes us in a northerly direction, up the narrow valley and its crystal stream. I look around, trying to preserve all the details of this place; it is certainly one I will never forget. By forenoon we have ascended to much rougher conditions; we range over rocky terrain and plunge through frequent tributaries roaring down from the peaks.

All around are awesome sheer walls of granite; one feels dwarfed to the point of utter insignificance. No signs of human habitation or even human existence meet us here. We have left all vestiges of man's civilization far behind, along with any trace clues as to the age in which find ourselves. If, in the blink of an eye, we were to be transported back in time a thousand years, ten-thousand, even a million, we would have no manner of detecting the transition. All would look the same, and in essence all would be the same—the sky, the ice peaks, the towering cliffs, the glaciers, the forest, the waterfalls and cascading rivers—the enormity and grandeur of this scene would be unchanged.

We hike the remainder of the day and into the evening. At dusk, Sari takes the lead and hikes with steady sureness, even when it grows so dark I cannot see at all. Finally we camp on a flat grassy area beside a crystal brook. We take a quick icy bath and, diving into our warm down bags and snug tent, fall into each other arms.

This morning I awaken from a pleasant if odd dream. I was kayaking along an ocean shore; snow-capped peaks towered inland—scenes remembered from Alaska, I think, possibly Prince William Sound. Paddling happily along, I watched large bears wandering along the shoreline, Alaskan Coastal Brown Bears. As I passed, they would look up, smile, and raise a friendly paw in greeting. Waving, smiling bears . . . strange things, dreams are.

Sari is not here; she must have slipped out while the bears and I were waving at one another. Outside our tent a small fire burns, but she is nowhere to be seen. I feel a prickly rush of alarm. Dressing quickly, I look up and down the brook. With relief I see Sari perched on a rock upstream of our camp, sitting on a folded ground cloth and wearing my parka. Lately, except for shorts and pants, she has displayed a marked preference for wearing my clothes, shirts especially. As I stroll down I can see that she is writing, with evident concentration. She has one of my journals and a pencil; torn out sheets are lying about, some crumpled up into little balls.

"Oh, you are up. Wait sweetie, I am almost done." She purses her lips and writes for a moment longer, then smiles and holds up a sheet. "I have written something for you. It is a present. I have not done poetry since school, but I feel so many things, so much I want to say to you, I thought I would do as you do and write them down. It came out like a poem, I think."

I am impressed; it is a poem with deep meaning, and written very well. I

read it again and again; each time I find more in it. “Sari, this is beautiful, it’s excellent.”

She beams, then looks down. “It is not that good, but my heart is in it, all my heart; it is my trying to tell you things I feel, that is all.”

This is too modest. I can see that she is glad, perhaps even relieved, to hear how much I love what she wrote. The blunted pencil and scattered balls of paper deny her modest protests; she put a lot of work into this.

The sunlight has reached the brook. As we repack our supplies and equipment, we separate and put aside some of the food we are carrying, leaving ourselves a seven or eight day supply. We carefully package and cache the remainder in a nearby crevasse, piling and jamming rocks to seal the opening so our supplies will remain protected and dry. Now the sun is hot, the sky is clear, the mountains loom all around. With our lightened load, we set out with happy hearts.

Our route takes us through rough terrain, then, toward late morning, a long valley containing an unusual abundance of bird life. As we progress, the valley narrows, seemingly concentrating the birds and their conversations. They have, apparently, a great deal to discuss. Tweeting, peeping, chirping, warbling and singing come from every tree and bush. Sari and I, not to be outdone, walk hand in hand, also talking.

Sari loves to hear stories of my travels and experiences in other lands, and often quizzes me to get such travelogues underway. She has an intense curiosity, which she wields like a sharp object, probing until all facts and scraps of information have been exposed. As we hike, I regale her with tales of the climbs I’ve made in South America, describing the mountain region of Patagonia and explaining the significant differences in flora and fauna from her home mountains.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 21)

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Morning on our fourth day: Despite our arduous but fortunate detour and abundant amorous engagements, we have made very good time—or possibly our friends miscalculated their estimates of the distance. We are near the tableland of Tibet; even the northern sky looks different, dusty rather than pristine. Here the mountains are not so frequent as to compete with one another; the horizon includes long gaps of open sky. In the distance, under

the unclouded sun, our destination peak is resplendent in its solitary grandeur. Its shape is quite appealing; from our present angle of view it has the look of a sharply-pitched pyramid, albeit jagged and icy.

Sari has proven to be the best hiker I have ever met. I am surprised and not surprised—surprised because I have hiked all over the world with some of the best, and not surprised because everything she does she does with great will and result.

Today we must cross the area of the trade routes, or wait to cross at night. Sari and I examine the chart. “Look,” she points, “from where we are now, if we head directly to the mountain, we will pass only one trade path, not two; this far south they have already merged.”

We look at each other. “Sari,” I ask, “how do you feel about crossing the main trail during the day, today?”

“I do not see any problem. I think we can do anything we want.”

I think she’s right. Yet, for the last three days we have been in our own world; just Sari and I and these incredible mountains, very much our own reality, taken on our own terms. Now we have returned to a reality shared with others, not all of whom are the friendliest or nicest people, according to the warnings of our friends.

“How do you feel?” Sari asks.

“The same, I think. I don’t see any reason not to cross today, but let’s go carefully, and keep track of our position.”

Our decision made, we take a direct course toward the mountain. Just past noon we pause; nearby landmarks suggest we are very close to the trade route. We proceed carefully through a flat forested area, keeping to brushy areas. Alert to any sound, we cross the broad, well-packed, obviously well-used path without incident. Once on the other side, we hasten into the forest. After days in the pristine wilds, there is something depressing about seeing such obvious signs of people and their domestic animals. I am glad to be across and back in the wilderness.

In early afternoon we intercept the river that drains the valley south of the massif. Another few miles and we will have arrived. But then what? I suggest that Sari take the lead, and she accepts. I want to discuss the methodology of our search for the *tertoen* Chapadu, but the way is still too rough and exacting to walk side by side.

Sari navigates adeptly and, after fording the river to its north bank, we climb a rocky slope onto a sharp rise, then onto a pile of rocks at its top. This

high perch affords a fine view of the entire valley—a spectacular valley, as it turns out. Heavily forested and bounded by the mountain to the north, it is defined to the west and south by smaller peaks and ridges; waterfalls can everywhere be seen. Above us looms the main peak, its lower flanks threaded by a score of ribbon falls. This is a magnificent place—I wouldn't mind if it took a few days to find Chapadu.

Moving down the rise with haste, we enter dense forest. I direct our course by a strange, checkered configuration of snow and rock high on the mountain directly above the double waterfall. The going is not as difficult as Chiricu indicated. We cross several small streams, swift but thankfully shallow.

We make good progress and, suddenly, on a sparsely forested slope to the north, I see a pale shape slip behind low boulders. A snow leopard? No, the tail is wrong, too short for a cat. Now I see another, followed by two more. Foxes? No, too large. "Sari, look! Wolves."

For a moment nothing moves; now we see them. Two emerge from the boulders to frisk and nip at each other; two others cut diagonally across the slope to join them; two more clamber and hop around a rocky gully behind. In one motion, all six turn to look us over. Unimpressed, they mill about and play, pausing each little while to gaze at us. Through the binoculars we thrill to every shining hair; there are three silver wolves, two of a dusky gold, and one that is the colorless shade of frost: this animal is much larger and seems to be the leader. All have black tail tips and a delicate black fretting on the back. The wolves' appearance has taken us by surprise, yet it is in Tibet that such mythic creatures belong. They are members of the Asian race of *canis lupus*, the timber wolf. I have seen scores of this exciting animal in Alaska, but never before in the Great Range.

"They are beautiful," Sari whispers. She gives me a wry glance. "Puka would not be happy."

Decidedly not. And I would not want to be holding him; frightened cats can suddenly sprout eight legs and a corresponding number of pointy-sharp claws. And they bite. I am starting to realize, at last, that some of Sari's remarks, like this one, are quite satirical.

We watch the wolves until they disappear into the lower forest. Traveling on, the forest thins to stout fir trees towering from ground thickly carpeted in needles. Whenever we catch a glimpse of the high cliff, we correct our path toward the landmark above the twin-falls.

Suddenly, like some pale ghost, a wolf sweeps past us, not fifty-feet away; it is one of the golden-colored creatures, likely a female. She pads ahead, glancing back at us. Before she is far enough away to blend into the forest—which would happen easily—she stops and looks back, tongue lolling out.

Sari tugs at my shirt. “She wants us to follow her. She knows where Chapadu is, she will lead us.”

Imagine that. It does look like the wolf is waiting for us, and it is very likely she knows where Chapadu is—this is the pack’s territory and they miss nothing—but leading us? Is Sari kidding? “Come on, sweetie,” she urges.

Apparently not. “But Sari . . .”

“Yes?”

“What would Puka think?”

She giggles. “He would be appalled. We will not tell him.”

As we follow, the golden wolf glides ahead, showing every sign of leading. When she gets too far ahead, she waits. If we begin to catch-up, she trots ahead. This is incredible. The wolf takes us west for a mile or so, then angles toward the mountain. Through the trees I catch a peek of the cliff; it is so nearly overhead that I cannot see our landmark.

Now the golden creature shoots up a steep hill and disappears. “Now what?” I ask.

“We follow.”

“She’s gone,” I point out.

“We go where she went. Somewhere up there we will find Chapadu.”

“That’s a steep hill. Do you promise?” I ask.

“Mmmhmm.”

It’s a scramble to climb the hill; steep, rocky, very loose under foot. As it levels we can see the cliff. The double waterfall is westward, to our left, perhaps six-hundred yards. There is no sign of our golden guide. Descending some thirty feet over irregular sharp rock, we meet a rocky channel filled with milky glacial runoff flowing swiftly to the west. We wade through and angle toward the falls; at one point jumbled rocks and boulders force us to re-cross the stream. Chiricu’s description of this valley may have been more correct than it first seemed, there are some extreme areas here; we have one close at hand.

Over gradually descending terrain, we break out of a thick stand of trees to see, through drifting mist, the falls and pool below. There is no sign of any wildlife; *tertoens,* wolves, or otherwise. Here the runoff stream plunges southward in a roaring torrent—we cross again, right at its lip, to make our way toward the twin-falls’ pool. We down-climb a craggy outcropping to avoid another runoff flow, which we cross at its bottom. From here it is relatively smooth sailing to the pool. The falls are quite large, plunging with an impressive din. The sun glints rainbows in the swirling mist; they appear to drift in the air, multiple shimmering mirages move close then drop away, like wavering curtains of light.

Finding a convenient resting place—a nice clearing with a recently fallen pine—we remove our packs and regroup. We seem to be on an elongated plateau set against the cliff and elevated some two- or three-hundred feet above the general valley floor. The twin-falls plunge down a sheer cliff to form a beautiful pool, dark and deep directly under the falls but shallow

everywhere else, displaying a coarse sand bottom under crystal water. The water flows out from one corner; a gentle stream winds through sparse forest toward the valley.

Sari points down. “See sweetie, she brought us the easy way. If we had come from that way,” she points south, along the stream’s course, “we would have had to climb a cliff.”

This appears to be true. Sari removes her boots and takes off her tight undershirt, a stirring sight. I dry the small of her back then the dampness under her breasts. I am accorded the opportunity for a few kisses; actually Sari insists, and soon gets her far-away look. She mumbles something and pulls one of my light flannel shirts from her backpack, knotting the tails around her waist. I too take off my boots; always a relief after such arduous hiking.

We approach the pool slowly; Sari walks to one side and stops. “Michael, this is just what I saw. The man, Chapadu, was sitting on the sand, right here.”

The pool’s level is somewhat lower than its maximum; all about the shallow end is coarse sand and gravel. I take Sari’s hand and approach from the right side, along a grassy strip. A welcome sight greets us. “Sari, look, human footprints, they have to be. No wolf or leopard made these tracks.” Deep prints track the sand, paired in a staggered pattern.

We walk out onto the sandy flat. Sari kneels and points to the ground. “Here is a flattened area, a depression where someone sat or rested, yes?”

It looks as if she’s right. “Alright. So this is what you saw. But I wonder where the man is, and if it really was, or is, Chapadu.”

A deep voice sounds from behind us. “I am Chapadu. And I wish to know who you are, yes I do.” We snap around. From thick brush steps a man, short and stocky, dark and powerful looking.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 21)

Table of Contents Guide to Individuals Appearing

We Meet Chapadu the *Tertoen* - Treasure Discoverer

Author’s Note: The following translations of Chapadu’s speech are not entirely literal as he spoke in a dialect with which I am unfamiliar, of which

there are many, and occasionally combined with hybrid words and phrases. Sari understood most of his speech, where I did not. Our aim was to produce a clear and readable translation, and while where necessary literalness was sacrificed for readability, as much as possible of Chapadu's charming and quirky mode of expression was retained.

In this region of the world, *tertoens*, or treasure-discoverers, are highly respected, even revered, for being some of the most important of historical figures. Generally, the more educated the person, the greater their respect. Given the history of these treasure-finders, there are, I believe, very good reasons for such esteem. I do not know the protocol for greeting such an distinguished personage, if there is one, but Sari looks as if she does or, perhaps, is about to make one up. Here is diplomacy in action, on the hoof.

Sari bows and I nod. "*Namas-te*," she says.

Chapadu approaches. I can't help but notice, almost painfully, that he is indeed very colorfully dressed. Old boots over thick orange socks banded in green, hugely baggy brick-red shorts, a pale yellow shirt, all covered with a deep-purple vest, embroidered in faded orange, yellow, blue, and deep green designs of unknown meaning. Really. Once I manage to get past his apparel, I see that Chapadu is of dark complexion, wide face, high forehead and large ears, protruding out of long black hair. There is strength and intelligence in this wizened face, the sort of character you see forged by wisdom inspired through laborious experience. "A character," said Emerson, "is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza; read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing."

Sari nudges me to attention. She bows again. "I am *Aitareyasarimutsadichat*, this is my husband Michael. We are of *Siddhalaya*, arrived to fulfill the mission we are honored to have received from the most revered High Lama of the gompa of *Siddhalaya*, the temple of masters, to take possession of, in the highest honor and magnitude of respect, the great and invaluable treasure text recovered by the most magnificent of all living *tertoens*, the exalted Chapadu, and found only by his tremendous courage, endurance and bravery, qualities with which he succeeded where all others have failed."

She's hired, I think; what a natural talent for the old art. And, I notice, I am now a husband. Interesting.

The *tertoen* smiles, a nice smile, friendly and benevolent. He nods in approval of Sari's speech. "I see that, although you over-rate me, you do

indeed know of me, yes you do. And you know of the text. And you say you are from *Siddhalaya*, the legendary village so few have seen. But so young, and such an attractive couple, yes, very attractive, and so young." He stares at me. "And one from the West, I see."

"We are as you say, Chapadu," Sari replies. "Yet, we are from *Siddhalaya*, and we are at your service."

Chapadu's face suddenly changes; he peers intently at Sari. He looks odd, as if surprised and mystified. "You are? Well, of course you are, of course. And yet, how do I know that you are who you say you are, and from where you say you are from? How do I know, hmmm?"

"Chapadu," I say, "we were sent by the Lama Karpa and the Lama Dhanaga, specifically to recover the text and return it to the gompa. They have been in communication with you; I saw your note where you sketched the hieroglyphic figures you found in the larger section of the text. The lamas sent us here rather than to Zhongasi after you were forced to leave that town. How would we know all this if we were not who we say we are?"

"Ha! How do we know anything, how do we? You may be who you say, or you may not be. Is it not true that anyone may know anything, given the right sources?"

"Chapadu," I ask, "don't you find it unlikely that we would know so much if were not who we claim to be?"

Chapadu's eyes narrow. "And how much more likely might I find it that two people should lie rather than come from a place that most say is only a myth, hmmm?" He moves closer, staring at Sari. "Tell me dear," he says softly, "what is your name again?"

Good question.

"*Aitareyasarimutsadichat*; I may be called Sari."

"Oh my. There is much meaning in the name, yes there is, and you may be, yes you may. And you know these lamas, Karpa and Dhanaga?"

"I do," Sari answers. "I have known them since I was born."

"Not long then, eh? Tell me, this Dhanaga, does he have any strange habits, does he, hmmm?"

Apparently Chapadu knows Dhanaga, but exactly which strange habit he may be referring to is hard to say.

"Lama Dhanaga finds much to talk about," Sari answers, "so talks much when it is called for."

This answer reveals a natural talent for diplomacy, if not outright honesty.

Then again diplomats, like eulogists, are not exactly under oath.

Chapadu looks skeptical. “Charitably put, my dear. Yet I am not sure. No, I do not know, no I do not. Perhaps I will need a sign.”

“You wish a test?” Sari asks.

“Yes! That is good. A test, a test would be well, yes it would. Must not be wrong, you see, cannot be wrong.”

Sari glances at me. I shrug. She muses for a few moments, then closes her eyes; thinking, I suppose. Now she looks around. She picks up a rounded stone, a little larger than a softball. She turns to Chapadu and holds it in front of her.

“*Tertoen* Chapadu,” she begins, still in her diplomatic tone. “This stone I give to you. If, in turn, you can give it to me, my husband and I will return to *Siddhalaya* and disturb you no longer. But if you cannot return it to me, then in its place you will give us the text, and with that we will return to *Siddhalaya*, as the lamas have requested.”

Chapadu looks amused. “And this will be the test, the sign?”

“It will,” Sari responds. “If you agree to the terms.”

“I will, I do, yes indeed. How can I say no to one so young, so well spoken, and so very beautiful, hmmm?”

Now, with both hands, Sari lobs the stone toward Chapadu. It hits and rolls to his feet. Sari brings her hands together in front of her chest and stands very still, eyes closed.

Chapadu peers at the stone, then looks at us and smiles. He leans forward and, with one hand, grasps the stone to pick it up. He lifts, but the stone does not move. Still bent, he looks up at us with a crooked grin. He takes both hands and grips the stone. He pulls. Nothing happens. Now he kneels, takes a firm grip on the stone and puts all his strength to the task. The stone does not move, not by a millimeter. Chapadu stands and circles the stone; now he kneels with his back to us. He tries again, with the same result of no result. He slaps his leg and falls back in the sand, laughing with great enthusiasm.

Sari opens her eyes. “It is done?”

“Ho! It is, yes it is. You are powerful for one so young, my dear, you certainly are. Or is it your quiet friend, eh? Well, no matter, no matter. That which you deserve is yours, my dear, yours. Happily so, I must say, yes, very happily so.”

I can’t help it—I (the husband?) edge over and nudge the stone with my bare foot. It rolls easily. Chapadu is still chuckling. He is a character, I must

say, and quite charming. One can only remotely imagine what a life he has led.

"My friends," Chapadu says loudly, arms spread. "We have settled our business. Now, would you have anything for an old *tertoen* to eat? Things have been lean lately, they really have."

Chapadu certainly wastes no time in alerting us to his needs. But where, now that Sari has won it, is the text?

"Of course, Chapadu," Sari responds.

"Come with us, to our equipment," I add.

We walk back to our packs. Chapadu strides away for a moment; he returns with a large old rucksack. I eye the ragged bundle; is the text in there? I do not see any particularly large bulges, only many little lumps.

Chapadu tosses his rucksack aside and shows great curiosity in our backpacks and supplies. I spread a large ground cloth and Sari begins to unpack. Chapadu proceeds to rummage through everything that Sari removes, looking carefully at each item, then, grinning and mumbling to himself, roots through the nearly empty packs. Since we'll likely camp here, I begin to build a firepit. Noticing this, Chapadu at once heads out to gather wood.

This is the perfect chance. "Sari," I ask, "how in the world did you do the rock thing?"

"Oh, I do not know, sweetie," she says, "things like that happen."

"What do you mean, you don't know? How could you not know? Sari, what did you do? Tell me."

"Well, at first I did not know what to do. Then the idea came into my mind, about the rock, that it would be a good test, that is, if it would not move. I looked around, and there it was. So I gave it to Chapadu." She smiles and stirs a pot.

"Sari, how did you make the rock unmovable?"

She looks at me with wide eyes and a shrug. "I only know what I thought of. I thought of my great gratitude for obtaining the text and returning safely to our new house, to the home and bed that we make, and Puka, and my parents, and Shirna and Chiricu, and all our friends. I know that we succeed in our mission, and I gave thanks for that success. That is all I did, just knew and gave thanks for what already is." Sari beams. How easy she makes it sound, but what really happened?

Chapadu returns with huge armfuls of wood. "Chapadu," I ask, "could we see the text now, please?"

“Not now, not now. It is well hidden so it cannot be found, cannot. Not by any ordinary person, you see. One does not spend twenty years as a discoverer of treasures and not learn much of how things may be well hidden, I can tell you that.”

“Can you tell us where it is hidden?” I ask.

“Not now, you do not need to know now. It is time for other things. You do not want the text until you are prepared to return to *Siddhalaya*, and have a sound plan of travel. One thing at a time, my friend, first things first.”

Suddenly we hear a rustling in the woods; several shadows slide by, barely visible by the firelight. Sari jumps up. “Look, the wolves!”

“Yes, my dear,” Chapadu says. “They come each evening. They trot up and pretend to drink out of the pond, and to not notice me, but I know, yes I do. They are checking to see how I am getting along, to see that I am alright; there are a thousand other places for them to drink.”

“One of the wolves, a golden one, led us here,” Sari tells him.

“Ah, so they are concerned about you as well,” Chapadu says. “They do such things, the animals. They will help those they trust, those who do not fear them, for there is much they know. Many times I have been assisted in my searches by such fine creatures, wolves and foxes, even once a leopard, yes, a leopard, sleek and powerful. And here is a truth few know, very few, and to those that do not, it does not apply, eh? But it is true for me, and true for you too, I see.”

This brings a question to mind; a chance to add to my store of yeti lore. “Chapadu, have you ever seen a yeti?”

“Yeti? Well yes, of course. Many yeti. When one has traveled where I have traveled, one cannot help but see the occasional yeti, believe me.”

“You’ve actually seen them, I mean, up close?”

“Close, yes, fairly close. You see, they are very clever creatures, the yeti, very clever and very wary, very vigilant. They are elusive, and keep to themselves. But one may see them. There was a large yeti family in this valley, many years ago. They may be here still, I do not know. If they are, they are watching us now. We would never know, of course.”

“What are they like?”

“Well, they are very intelligent, they live in families—very nice families, extended families, you see, all related I would think. They are very resourceful and quite curious. By looking you will never see one, they can be seen only if they wish to be seen. You will find them not by looking, but by

going to some remote place where yeti live and staying there. You must camp in the open but near cover. They will watch you, then, after some weeks, they may become used to you, they may begin to trust. In the evening, put something out for them; some grain or some fruit. They will come, perhaps, very carefully of course, and accept what you have set out. But always they will leave something in return, yes, always."

"Chapadu," I ask, "what do you mean, leave something in return?"

"Yeti are fond of exchanging things; they like to trade one thing for another. They do, and they are far more honest than the traders of these mountains, I can tell you that. Yeti do not steal, no, they do not take things unless they give something in return. It is the way they are; the way I have always known them to be. Well, except when they are in great distress. My grandfather told me an old story of the yeti, from generations ago. There was a time when no rain fell for two seasons. Yeti began coming near the villages, to find food for themselves and their young. In some villages, the people helped the yeti, as much as they could. In other places there were people, senseless and cruel people, who set out poison to keep the yeti from their crops. My grandfather said many yeti died, many were killed. Then there were people who killed those who had killed the yeti, for the yeti are ancient and sacred inhabitants of these mountains. But unless they are desperate, yeti are very gentle and do not take things, no, they are quite sensible. They are very pleasant creatures, and really, I do not think you could ask for better neighbors."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power,* ch. 22)

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Finally, it's time to lay hands on the text. We trot toward the pool. I walk toward the twin-falls but Sari pulls me off to the side, into a sandy, needle covered area under pine trees.

"Alright," I say. "I'll check under the waterfall."

"No sweetie. I will do it. I love the water, I will dive."

"Are you sure?"

"Mmmhmm. Kisses?" she asks.

She takes a few steps and dives in the pool. She is down a long time; just as I'm preparing to jump in after her, a head breaks the surface.

She takes several deep breaths. "It is there, but buried in the sand."

“Do you want some help?”

“No. I will get it.” She dives again.

I wade in up to mid-thigh and wait. Very cold water, I notice. Sari’s head appears; she takes a few deep breaths then disappears. Now her back emerges like some strange turtle, moving my way. I wade further in. Sari is pulling a bundle, larger than I had imagined. Together we drag it on shore.

Sari hugs me. “Burrr,” she says, shivering. This is a first; if Sari is expressing that she’s cold, she must be very cold indeed. I hug her and rub her back and limbs. We dry each other and dress, glancing now and then at the bundle.

I realize how excited I am; this must be something akin to what the thrill of a truly great discovery feels like. This is not, of course, Tutankhamun’s tomb or the like, but still—and suddenly it occurs to me—what lies in this bundle might even predate Tutankhamun. (*Nebkheperure Tutankhamun-hekaiunushema*, a minor figure who ruled from about 1360 to 1350 B.C., late in the eighteenth dynasty, generally given as extending from approximately 1540 to 1300 B.C.

“Sari?”

“Yes sweetie,” she answers through chattering teeth.

“This is an extraordinary find, no matter what it turns out to be. It is our responsibility to get it home safely.”

She looks thoughtful. “We open it now,” she proclaims.

An excellent suggestion. As we begin to unwrap the bundle, we find it is multilayered: on the outside are several layers of thick plastic, nicely administered by Chapadu, I suppose. Beneath that we find a coarse, waxy burlap wrapping; this comes off in strips, reminding me of the ancient Egyptian manner of wrapping an embalmed corpse in linen strips. We set this material aside as we proceed. Beneath the burlap is a bag, made of a fine material, probably linen, perhaps the original Egyptian wrapping. Under this are more windings of the same fine linen. These last windings come away to reveal a wooden box. No ordinary box this; it is a dark wood, inlaid with ivory and a black material—onyx?—in elaborate hieroglyphs.

Sari’s eyes are wide. “How beautiful! What do the little pictures say?”

I hope I can tell. I returned from my first trip to Egypt determined to learn to read hieroglyphic writings, and more or less did, but that was years ago. The tour guides one encounters will provide purported translations of hieroglyphs, yet I found that most of them have no idea of what the

inscriptions actually say; they relate from tradition or based on what they think tourists want to hear; i.e., their interpretations are based more on the desire for gratuities than historical accuracy. The more professional guides, especially those with firm academic credentials, do far better, but one can explore a vast number of sites with relative freedom, so knowing how to read the lordly and lovely hieroglyph adds a richness and depth to the experience of traveling in, as it were, the remnants of ancient Egypt. The decipherment of glyphs appears at first daunting, but turns out to be relatively easy, yet one must memorize the five-hundred or so hieroglyphs, their secondary syllabic meaning, and their tertiary alphabetic uses.

"Sari, the glyphs I'm familiar with are the ones used on *stelae* (funerary inscriptions), coffins, tomb scenes, monuments, things like that. Texts, rolls, can be little different. Let's see . . ."

She points. "The little pictures stand for things?—like this little leopard lying down stands for a leopard?"

"No, that's a lion, and it stands for one or more letters, like most of the signs."

"So this bee does not stand for a bee?"

"No, the bee stands for king. Oh my god . . . Sari, see this set of symbols?"

"Mmmhmm."

"This is called a name-ring, or cartouche; it's the name of a specific king. And in this case, it's the name *Akhenaten*. (*Neferkheperure-waenre Akhenaten*, *Ikhnaton*, or *Amenhotep IV*). This probably means that he was king when this text was composed. Unbelievable."

"What is unbelievable?"

"Sari, *Akhenaten's* rule, a very turbulent time in Egypt, was from about 1380 to 1362 B.C. That means this text may be over 3350 years old."

"Wow," she says.

This is the first time I have heard her use this English expression, and it's certainly fitting. She giggles. "Is that right?"

"Definitely."

"We open it now?"

"No little fox. We shouldn't open it under these conditions. If the rolls are really thousands of years old they should only be examined under very special conditions, to avoid any damage."

This observation is greeted by Sari's format of a rejection notice; a

wrinkled nose. “We cannot look? Chapadu looked.”

“Yes, and that probably wasn’t such a good idea, depending on how and where he did it.”

Now Sari displays a little pout. “Just a quick look?”

“Maybe later.”

We have a quick bite to eat, then sort through and organize our gear carefully before packing; this may not be possible for some time. The box, in its linen wrappings and bag, will go at the bottom of my pack. We carefully bury the plastic and burlap at the bottom of the firepit.

Chapadu appears from the forest. “Ah, I see you have the text, yes you do.” He stares at it; almost reaching out to touch it. “Yes, well, it is yours now, yours. I am glad. Where will you keep it?”

“Unless you have another suggestion,” I reply, “I’m going to carry it in my backpack.”

“No, no. That is fine, that is fine.” Chapadu glances around. “Look here. I have a little surprise for our friends, I do.” He reaches under his shirt and takes out the chunk of wood he was carving. It’s transformed into a small figure, much like a man, but slightly bent, furry looking, with a slightly pointy head. A yeti?

“It is a little figure of a yeti, yes it is. They like such things, I think. I will leave it for them. Someday, should any of us return to this valley, we will see what they leave in return, eh? That will tell us what they think of my work, you can believe that.” He takes the yeti and places it on a rock, then stands back and appraises. “I do hope they like it.”

“Chapadu, is that pretty much what they look like?” I ask.

“Well, yes. They vary of course, some large, some small, the males tall and muscular, the females shorter. This is a young yeti, not yet mature. I thought they would like it, they are so attentive to their young, you see.”

Sari evaluates the yeti. “It is very nice.”

“Chapadu, would you mind if I sketched it?”

“Oh my. Well, if you wish, I suppose that is fine, yes, very fine.”

I sketch as Sari loads our packs. Chapadu watches my drawing carefully, making suggestions as the figure emerges. He adds many details, and when I’m done he takes the drawing and makes some changes of his own. He draws very well and I am left with a rather detailed portrait of a young yeti. Its face is alive with feeling and character. It stares knowingly at me from the paper, questions in its eyes. ‘What is your name? What do you know of the

Universe? What do you know of life?'

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 23)

The further events and adventures we encountered on our quest and return trip are beyond the scope of this book. For readers interested in reading the complete account, please see: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Books One & Two - *The Full Series*, 2021 Edition, ASIN B082GGRJF9. An excerpt from this book appears below.

NOTE: Please do not miss the Associated Material Anthology below, an essential part of this book where you'll find an extensive selection of insights from and dialogues with many of the extraordinary people Hawking met during his years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau.

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If you enjoyed this book - ***Egyptian Occultism, Ancient Secrets of Paranormal Powers*** - we respectfully ask that you submit a review on its appropriate Amazon page. Reviews are crucial for our books to reach a wider audience of qualified readers. If you feel you benefited from this book, please take a moment to leave a review, even if it's just a sentence or two, it will be greatly appreciated. Amazon page for the U.S. here, for the U.K. here, for CA here, for AU here, for DE here, for India and Nepal here, and for Egypt here. Thank you!

- Section IV: Associated Material Anthology -

From all of us at Wisdom Masters Press, thank you for reading. It is our greatest hope that you found this exploration of *Kalika's* life and wisdom informative and inspirational. If so, you may be interested in reading more, along with where it all began. For those interested in a further exploration of M.G. Hawking's encounters and experiences during his five years in the *Himalayas*, we composed the following anthology. As you will see, these anthological narratives contain fascinating narratives of Hawking's various experiences and conversations, including first-hand accounts of the remarkable abilities he witnessed, and in-depth descriptions of the esoteric

knowledge that made such extraordinary abilities possible.

This section has several important purposes, primary of which are:

To present a comprehensive selection of insights from and dialogues with many of the extraordinary people Hawking encountered during his sixty-two months in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau.

To provide in-depth information regarding the subject matter of each book. We consider this to be an *essential service* to assist our readers in making informed decisions as to which books they may be interested in obtaining, and which books are of no interest to them.

The following anthology, then, is designed to illuminate the knowledge and practices preserved in the ancient *Himalayan* and *Zhang Zhung* wisdom traditions, and to explore the possible origins of that knowledge, in four parts:

• *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'*, a detailed exploration of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor*, a true shamanic sorceress of the very ancient *Zhang Zhung* traditions and sorceric teachings of the '*Four Portals*.'

• *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins*, which discusses recent astronomical discoveries and their relevance to three encounters the author and his companions had with individuals they believe to have been the true *Ri-iha-mo*, or "celestial mountain goddesses," of ancient legend, along with how the extensive knowledge and teachings of the celestials relates to the profound accomplishments of Ancient Egypt.

• *The Masters Speak, Twenty-Seven Dialogues*, which reveals in detail the wisdom, knowledge and practices of a number of profoundly enlightened individuals explorer M.G. Hawking encountered in isolated *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet.

• *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, which narrates explorer M.G. Hawking's experiences during the first several of the five years he spent in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau*. Book One, Part 1 - *Revelations of a Paranormal Kind*.

We ask the reader to take his or her time in reading this anthology. A space between lines indicates the end of one section of a text and a jump to the next. A link to a handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the following sections appears at appropriate places. For easy navigation,

clickable links to each section included following the reference guide. Some geographical references have of necessity been altered to camouflage actual locations. Author's and Editor's Notes have been inserted where necessary to clarify complex translations and elucidate material that may not be well-known to the lay reader.

Go Directly To: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* *The Masters Speak* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions

Excerpts from
True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'

"*Underneath all civilization, ancient or modern, moved and still moves a sea of magic and sorcery. Perhaps they will remain when all the works of our reason have passed away*." —Will Durant, Ph.D., recipient of the Pulitzer Prize and the Medal of Freedom

"[*O*]*f the early religion of Tibet, concerning which but very imperfect accounts are existing, so much is certain, that sorcery was the principle feature of it*." —H.A. Jäschke, *Tibetan-English Dictionary*, London, 1881

A Platinum Edition Book. Based on the archived field notes and journals of explorer M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, this remarkable book contains detailed narratives of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor*, a true *B'on* sorceress. To say that Mani is a rare and exceptional young lady would be to gravely understate the case. Mani was born in a small village in Tibet, orphaned at an early age by Chinese hostilities, then adopted and mentored in an ancient B'on monastery by an abbot known to be a B'on master of great power, one of perhaps two or three remaining teachers of the primeval esoteric arts of Zhang Zhung magic, or "sorcery." This book discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that allowed her to attain such extraordinary abilities.

For thousands of years Tibet has been a fabled land of mystery and magic. Isolated from the rest of the world by its topography and remote setting on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau*—the highest in the world, with an average elevation of over 15,000 feet—Tibet is home to the forgotten kingdom of

Zhang Zhung, the ancient realm of the original pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion. According to their own histories, *B'on* was founded in 16,000 B.C. by the earliest known Buddha-like master, *Tonpa Shenrab Miwoche*. Like *Siddhārtha Gautama*, our most recent historical Buddha (circa 563-483 B.C.), *Shenrab* renounced his life as a prince to become a monk, achieved enlightenment, and composed teachings that enable attainment of the highest knowledge and power.

This body of knowledge, referred to as the '*Four Portals*', is a group of highly esoteric teachings setting forth the true nature of physical reality and techniques of powerful elemental magic, or "sorcery," and is of extreme antiquity. The first extant traces of the teachings appear as part of the lore of the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* culture that arose on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* some 4000 years ago, but they are said to have originated far earlier. Being an exceedingly restricted body of knowledge, said to convey enormous powers, the teachings disappear from the historical record for some twenty-six centuries, not to reemerge until the 7th century A.D. in the arcane scriptures of the ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion, as found in the *Himalayan* highlands of Tibet.

This very rare form of esoteric *B'on* contains huge amounts of arcane and elemental magic, in keeping with its view of the cosmos as a psycho-physical unity, able to be manipulated in heightened states of awareness through clandestine techniques and practices. These profound esoteric teachings begin and end with a clear premise: "*The universe is but a mirage which exists in the mind, springs from it, is controlled by it, and sinks into it.*"

What are we to think of this "magical" concept of an ancient civilization of prehistory? In modern times we are fortunate that advanced research technologies have enabled us to radically enlarge our comprehension of the universe as compelling discoveries emerged one after another from breakthroughs in physics. To understand the esoteric teachings of the '*Four Portals*' in this contemporary context, we can take a moment to review the following insights:

"As a man who has devoted his whole life to the most clear-headed science, to the study of matter, I can tell you as a result of my research about atoms this much: There is no matter as such. All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness. The mind is the matrix of all matter. I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative

from consciousness. Everything that we talk about, everything that we regard as existing, postulates consciousness." —Max Planck, Nobel Laureate

"*Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms, for consciousness is absolutely fundamental. It cannot be accounted for in terms of anything else. Quantum physics reveals a basic oneness of the universe. Multiplicity is only apparent; in truth, there is only one mind*." —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

"*Quantum physics provides a modern version of ancient spirituality. In a universe made out of energy, everything is entangled; everything is one*." — Bruce Lipton, Ph.D.

Excerpt from the *Introduction*, by the author:

The purpose of this book is to provide an account of my relationship, experiences, and discussions with Mani, and to narrate what I learned of her extraordinary shamanistic knowledge. There is much to say, and I believe it is the moral intent and philosophical import that counts in writing this book, as in every art; of what use is word or sound or form if not to seek recognition and understanding of clarifying, healing, ennobling, or empowering knowledge?

I have been asked many times what it was like to know such an extraordinary person as Mani. I shall answer, briefly and precariously, that it was overwhelming. In so many ways during the time I was privileged to spend with her, Mani was my catalyst. She stunned me with her abilities, awakened me with her knowledge, encouraged me with her eager listening, warmed me with her praise, challenged me with the keenness and depth of her perceptions, and inspired me in the pursuit of higher knowledge.

Mani consistently gave the charm of novelty to everyday things, excited feelings analogous to the supernatural by awakening my attention to the lethargy of custom and directing it to the wonders of the world within me, and, in difficult times, bid me, like the imperturbable mountains, to bear the storm silently, and endure.

It is difficult for me to describe the impact of witnessing Mani's powers. The experience of such abilities is challenging to transform into words, for those powers move in a world far beyond everyday intellect or common logic. So much so, in fact, that many do not believe that such powers exist. Of course,

disbelief is a coin that some dispense, like carnival conjurors, in order to hide their incomprehension, and which human simplicity all too often accepts as payment. My dilemma however lies not in incredulity—I and many others witnessed Mani's sorceric powers far too many times for that—but rather in the difficulty entailed in presenting such experiences to what can be safely assumed, at least in the Western world, to be a largely skeptical audience.

Although sorcery traditionally begins in superstition and legend, it ends in science, as discussed in this book. Superstition is one of the most stable of social phenomena; it remains almost unchanged through centuries and civilizations, not only in its bases but even in its formulas. All superstitions arise from the quest to explain or understand the world, and we find at last that the only real understanding is to know the concepts which by themselves will govern everything on every occasion. —M.G. Hawking

* * *

For untold millenniums these teachings of the 'Four Portals' have been concealed under the most intense secrecy. An incomparable book for anyone seeking greater knowledge and personal power.

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Author’s Note: My companions in the following excerpts were Sari, who had become my constant companion since shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya*, and Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, respectively. These three sisters were born in *Siddhalaya* and raised in the esoteric wisdom traditions of the *Himalayan* masters. And of course our dear friend Mani. The handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book is available here.

Excerpt from the chapter, *Demonstrations of Psychokinetic Powers*:

Sari and I stroll back toward the oracle temple. I notice that Mani has been quite industrious. She has moved our tent and all the gear down the stream, to a very nice shaded area under three large pines. How she accomplished this so quickly I don’t know. She is sitting on her blanket, sewing. A fire crackles and water boils. She beams at us, and reaches out her hand. Sari plops down next to her and takes it. “Mani,” she reports, “took some food to Chapadu, but he was still sleeping.” It’s only mid-day, but the girls giggle as if this is the silliest thing.

Sari brews tea and hands me a cup in a large, light plastic mug. It idly

crosses my mind that I would prefer iced-tea on such a warm day. Mani looks up from her sewing. She motions for me to hand her the mug. She holds it in both hands, eyes closed. No more than a second later, she hands it back. The mug is freezing cold—in the tea clanks a cylinder of ice about half the diameter of the inside of the cup.

"Sari, look," I exclaim.

She does. "You wanted it cold?"

"Yes, but . . . how did Mani do this?"

"She used her *Kriyasakti*," Sari says simply.

"The power of thought?"

"Mmmhmm."

"Mani, you used *Kriyasakti* to make this cold?

Mani turns her deep blue eyes to me and nods.

"But what thoughts did you use, and how?"

Sari pokes me. "The thought of cold, of course."

"All right. So, Sari, can you do this?"

"Yes. Yet I do not do such things often; Mia discourages me from using my *Siddhi*."

Author's Note: *Siddhi*, in Sanskrit, is literally the attainment of any goal. Here Sari uses it to mean the 'Powers' arrived at through adeptic practices, encountered as a natural result of expanding awareness. The lamas teach the student not to strive after psychic powers for their own sake, for until the student is fit to use then wisely they can easily become a serious impediment to higher spiritual development. This position is understandable; such powers are, in the large, very impressive, yet as always it is unwise to enlarge our instrumentalities without improving our purposes. The lamas say that what increases with these powers is not so much wisdom of intent as opportunity of expression. These powers are considered to be the seven primary forces of consciousness, four of which are revealed, two considered esoteric, and one wholly sealed. The revealed are: 1) the power of intellect or real wisdom and knowledge; 2) the power of the will or intent; 3) the power or force which moves in a serpentine path, the universal life force in nature; and 4) the force or power of speech or music, of sound and mantras. There are two additional powers considered to be among the "secrets of secrets": 5) the power of thought enabling it to manifest perceptible, phenomenal events and forms through its own inherent energy, the *Kriyasakti* as referred to by Sari and Mani above; and 6) the highest force or power, the power of light brought to

bear through advanced practices of visualization. The 7th and supreme power is considered by the masters to be the “most secret of all arcanum.”

“And anyway,” Sari adds, “I like tea to be hot.”

Mani narrows her eyes at Sari, then reaches to pick up a notebook. (Mani at that time was under a vow of silence from her master, a true *B’on* shaman or sorcerer.) She writes: “I am instructed similarly, but may use *Saktis* for small things, for convenience or comfort. I have used the heat and ability to make fire and ice and such little things since I was a child. The abbot feels this use keeps essential ideals clear in mind, and reminds that we have power over all natural things.” (Heat, in this sense, apparently refers to the “mystic heat” abundantly demonstrated by yogins, many of whom go about with no protection in frigid weather, with no ill effects, often melting the snow and ice around them. This may explain Sari and Mani’s warmth last night, and in the water and in the tent this morning.)

“Mani, how do you make ice?” I ask.

Editor’s Note: To preserve subtle nuances, the following translation is essentially literal, albeit at some loss of readability.

Mani writes: “I held the ideal of tea in the Universal until it became formed to a lower vibration.”

“How?”

“When you desire to bring forth some form out of Universal Substance, you must be quiet and contemplative. You see the ideal and hold in mind that Substance of which all the world is formed a sufficient time to raise or lower its vibration—this is done by visualizing a mental pattern or mold into which can flow the Substance needed to make that desired. It will come forth in a perfect form, built upon the pattern which was held in the Universal Principle.”

“What is the Universal Principle?” I ask.

“It cannot be compressed into a definition, but it is known through our mind, it is our consciousness.” Mani presses her lips together for a second. “The vastness of Universal Principle’s creative, unlimited Being is crystal clear, yet it is completely full of vibrating, emanating energy, and that emanating energy is the Universal Substance. All things are known as Universal Substance in which all form is suspended in harmonious relation, ready to respond to the call of the vibratory rate that causes it to coalesce into

form. When the proper vibratory influence is set through thoughts, cooperating with the whole, the Substance, having no other course, rushes to fill the pattern set by the desire."

"Does the technique always work?" I ask.

Mani nods and writes. "This is absolute law and none can stay its true course."

I am impressed with this rare insight into the adeptic teaching of the high *B'on* shamans. And I am impressed with Mani's candor. "The concealment of what is useful," said Augustine, "is either an exercise in humility or an attrition of pride."

Excerpts from the chapter, *A Sorcerer's Perspective of the World*:

Mani watches Shrina and Chiricu carefully for a moment, then turns to stare at the mountain towering above. "I realize that I must return to the fundamental essence of what I have been teaching you, the recognition at the heart of all techniques." Mani stops, frowns. "The more I have taught, the more concerned I have become as to how I am teaching. In a way, you have been teaching me. Each of you—Michael, Shrina, Chiricu—present a different challenge, yet I have tried to emulate, to some degree, the manner in which I was taught by the abbot. I thought that was best, but in teaching you, and in reading of *Kalika's* experiences, I have learned much. My background, my upbringing . . . I was never exposed to ideas of limits, so it is easy for me to overlook the most fundamental concept of power, that which I was taught and shown virtually from infancy. Last night, I remembered something from when I was very young, something of key importance that I have not have stressed enough."

Mani sits with us on the blankets. "Starting when I was three or four, each morning the abbot would come to me, sit on the bedside, and ask what I had dreamt. I would tell him, he would prompt me to remember more, and we would talk and laugh at how strange and wonderful dreams are."

"Mani," I ask, "the content of your dreams was that important to the abbot?"

"Yes . . . well no, not exactly. It was not the dreams in themselves that were most important, but the experience of dreaming, the absence of boundaries and limits—the freedom. The abbot would always finish our morning talks with the same thought, the same concept. It is the essence of

power.” Mani looks at us, eyes darkening.

Shrina stares impatiently. “Well?” she asks.

“The abbot stressed that the dreaming mind and the awakened mind are the same mind, merely in different states of consciousness. Neither mind is more real than the other, neither state is more real than the other. The freedom experienced in the dream state exists equally in the waking state, if awareness of that is held in mind.”

“What does that mean?” Shrina asks.

“The abbot stressed that power involves a process of imagining, like dreaming, even when awake—especially when awake—consistently maintaining the recognition that objective, material reality is wholly as fluid and malleable as a dream, that anything is possible if your thoughts and images are properly used. This is what we call a heightened awareness, a state of enlarged consciousness and heightened awareness; if used with impeccable attention to creating with intent and purpose, it is without limits.”

“The second attention,” Chiricu whispers.

“Yes. The second attention is power; when you are immersed in it, everything is possible; you can perform feats that defy and break the boundaries of what is normally considered to be reality or the outer world. Sorcerers enter into this greater awareness at will, and maintain it on a higher mental level without constant direction of attention—in this way, one does not have to constantly hold the concept in mind.”

Shrina motions with her hand. “Can you explain the second attention, and the others, again please.”

Mani nods. “Yes. When you study the wisdom traditions, you learn that there are levels of being, so to say. They are called differently in various traditions, yet the descriptions are nearly identical. In our tradition we think of these so-called levels as what they truly are, states of awareness. They can also be thought of as states of attention since, as always, where your attention is, your awareness is. The first awareness is that of ordinary consciousness of the physical world. The second awareness represents an expanded consciousness, reaching beyond the purely physical world. The third awareness is that of even greater levels of consciousness. There are others as well. In the sorcereric tradition we conceptualize these states of awareness not as levels, but as spheres, each one fully encompassed within the next.

“You must remember that the highest awareness is like a sphere without boundary, infinite and eternal; infinite not as an endless expanse of space, but

as spacelessness; eternal not as an endless duration of time, but as timelessness. This fourth awareness represents the totality of your being—it is your true self and encompasses all other states of awareness. The first awareness—ordinary consciousness—lies within the sphere of the second, the third, and the fourth. With this conceptualization we hold sight of the fact that an individual is one with all."

Shrina looks contemplative. "And the vibration concept?" she asks.

Mani smiles. "As I have explained, the sorcereric technique of power as we are discussing it is fundamentally based on two concepts, that of vibration and the power of thought—or attention—to control vibration. All things vibrate at a certain rate, from the very slow to the infinitely fast. The slower the vibration, the greater the illusion of solidity, the greater the illusion of separation. The higher the vibration, the closer to pure Substance, to pure energy or consciousness. Thoughts and visualization control rates and movements of vibration; it is that simple. The highest vibration of pure Substance can be lowered to produce what appears as an object, a situation or circumstance. Your vibration is so controlled as well. Let us do an exercise to increase what we shall consider to be your personal vibration. Sit next to each other, facing me."

Excerpt from the chapter, *The Essential Knowledge*:

Mani left early for the gompa, to meet with Lama Dhanaga as Kenji had directed. She's back now, traipsing up the front steps with an armful of books. Protruding from each book is a forest of bookmarks. She drops them on a chair, looks in the window and motions for me to come out.

Mani looks a bit ragged. "What's wrong little one?" I ask. "Problems in the coven?"

She glares at me. "Not amusing."

"Sorry, couldn't resist. So, how did it go with Dhanaga?"

Mani peers at me with exasperation. "Michael, that man can really talk."

"I know."

Mani frowns. "You may think you know. I truly know. And look at these books."

"*Sambhava's* works," I note. "It must be all of them. Wow, look at this copy of *Natural Liberation Through Naked Vision, Identifying Intelligence*, it's beautiful."

“Yes, but Michael, I have studied this, all of these works, since I was old enough to read with comprehension. Dhanaga wants me to read them again, all of them. I do not want to. I have been through all this material, time after time. I do not understand all of what the abbot taught, but reading them again will not change that. And look at all the marked places; your lama wants me to create meditations for every one of them. Every one. I will go crazy. This is not what I wish to study.”

“So you don’t like Dhanaga,” I observe.

Mani perks up. “No, it is not that, he is very nice, I do like him.”

“Yeah, well Caesar liked Brutus, and look where it got him. Maybe you should try Lama Karpa. I was surprised that Kenji suggested Dhanaga in the first place.”

Mani ponders this for a moment. “Michael, which of them is most powerful?”

“Powerful?” I ask. “You mean with *siddhis*?”

“Yes.”

Author’s Note: *Siddhis*, in Sanskrit, means the ‘Powers’ arrived at through adeptic practices, encountered as a natural result of expanding conscious awareness. The lamas teach the student not to strive after psychic powers for their own sake, for until the student is fit to use then wisely they can easily become a serious impediment to higher spiritual development. The lamas note that what sometimes increases with these powers is not so much wisdom of intent as opportunity of expression.

“I honestly don’t know,” I reply. “I really haven’t seen either of them do anything much out of the ordinary, except once I saw Karpa finish a cup of tea, then suddenly it was full again. I mean with no one refilling it or him getting up.”

“That is nothing,” Mani says. “He is the High Lama of *Siddhalaya* after all.”

“Right, of course. Well, I don’t know what to tell you. It might be a good idea to stick with Dhanaga; Kenji thought it was best, and Dhanaga may just be trying to get an idea of where to start with you. After all, you come from a different background of instruction, don’t you? The *B’on* sorceress thing?”

“Yes,” Mani says, “that is true, the traditions of the *Zhang Zhung* high sorcerers. But you have a good idea. Come with me.”

Mani takes my hand; we depart the cottage and walk up the lake. She

stops and positions me with my back to the water. (The following translations of Mani's speech are somewhat revised for readability and consistency of terminology.)

"Michael, today I have a task for you. The outcome will help me understand where I must begin in teaching you. The ability to create and maintain thoughts and images in mind underlies all the techniques I will teach you. You must be able to create an image precisely as you wish, and you must be able to maintain with clarity a complex image without undue effort, without grasping or struggling, and for as long as is necessary to accomplish your desire. Do you understand?"

"Sure."

"Stand comfortably, with your weight evenly on your feet."

"Okay."

Mani moves toward me until her face fills my view. "Relax your body. Release all tension. Look at my face. Look only at my face. Study it. Remember every detail."

This is easy, and very enjoyable. Mani's face is beautiful, midnight blue eyes framed by raven black hair.

"Now close your eyes and maintain the image of my face. Do not let it waver or fade."

I do this for several minutes. When my mind starts to wander, I relax and refocus, just as in meditation.

"Open your eyes," Mani directs. "Do I look the same as the image you were holding?"

"Pretty much."

"So the image stayed consistent?"

"Yes."

"Do it again."

I stare at her face then close my eyes, holding the image. I hear, or feel, Mani step away.

"Open your eyes," she says.

Mani is about three feet back.

"Now what do you see?" she asks.

"More of you than just your face," I reply.

"You see more of me, and what else?"

"Things around you, in back of you."

"Exactly," she says. "To the north, there is a river that flows into this lake.

Sari tells me there is a bridge over the river, and a trail that runs south down the far side of the lake."

"Yes," I say, "the trail goes to the seven pools below the big waterfall."

Mani moves back to me. "Just as images in mind create physical reality, physical reality creates images in mind. Images make images. That is all there is to the physical. The difference lies in what you desire to accomplish. In fifteen minutes time, you will walk to the bridge. Your task is to locate me, that is to be your desire. Find a place by the river, a place that feels right. The river will help you. Stand comfortably and hold this image of my face. Let the sound of the river flow through you. Concentrate on the image, feel the image, feel me in the image. Do not grasp at what you see in mind. Maintain the image but do not struggle to keep it exactly as you began. Let the image play, let it come alive. Maintain it but let it live. Watch very carefully the image. It will take on life, it will change. As it does, just as you saw me in a greater perspective when I moved away, you will see a greater perspective in your image. That will show you where I may be found. Remember that your intent is to see, not to reason or to guess. Your desire is to receive the expanded image, not create it."

Mani looks out over the lake, thinking. "Michael, since you have done meditations for many years and can attain the second awareness, you may experience something for which another technique will be better. When you are holding an image of my face, not my body or the background, you may become aware of a tiny spot of light. The spot will be in your vision, not necessarily in front of my face, but close, and will appear as if it is suspended in mid-air. If this occurs, focus on the spot. Concentrate your attention on the spot of light. It will expand and take on detail. As it expands more, you will see a definite place; that will be my location at that precise moment."

Mani turns and walks up the lake. A robin spirals down over her head, flutters, then swoops low over the lake. So, my first lesson is appropriately elementary, not in its ease, exactly, but in that it involves a game of hide and seek. The technique Mani detailed is the same one Sari outlined, the very one she used to find Chapadu. The technique is useful for telling time when not wanting to actually look at a clock. You visualize a familiar clock in your home, then relax and see what it reads. I tried it long ago, found that it worked quite well, and use it to this day. Which reminds me that I have neither a watch nor a familiar clock. I'll just have to estimate the time.

True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals', briefly excerpted

above, contains teachings that for untold millenniums have been known only to a privileged few, extraordinary knowledge long concealed under the most intense secrecy. An incomparable book for anyone on a spiritual path or seeking greater knowledge and personal power. 2021 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, e-reader page count 422. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here

GO TO: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* *The Masters Speak* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Reference Guide

Excerpts from
Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins

"*Ancient Egypt presents us with an impenetrable mystery. How may we explain a Neolithic desert people spawning the most majestic civilization of history? Their rapid ascension from a primitive state to a previously unapproached zenith of technology and culture demonstrates advancements that utterly elude explanation. Many of their artistic and architectural productions are unequalled to this day. What could possibly explain vast technical knowledge and sophistication appearing so fully-formed so suddenly?*" —Legendary Egyptologist Flinders Petrie, Archaeological Journal (1911)

"*My study of the universe leaves little doubt that life has occurred on other planets. And I doubt if the human race is the most intelligent form of life.*" — Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate

A Platinum Edition Book. Over ten-thousand years ago there appeared on the banks of the Nile, as if suddenly descended upon the sands, the first great civilization of known history. No one knows from whence the early Egyptians came, yet no people, ancient or modern, have conceived of building a civilization on a scale so sublime, so great, so grandiose, as the Ancient Egyptians.

Their technology of architecture, agriculture, metallurgy, and engineering;

the invention of glass and linen, of paper and ink, of the calendar and the clock, of geometry and the alphabet; the excellence and sublimity of sculpture and the arts; the refinement of dress and ornament, of furniture and dwellings, of society and life; the remarkable development of orderly and peaceful government, of education; the advancement of writing and literature, of science and medicine; the first clear formulation known to us of individual and public conscience, the first cry for social justice, the first widespread monogamy, the first monotheism . . . all elevated to a degree of superiority and power that has seldom, if ever, been reached since.

"*It is even possible*," as Faure said, "*that Ancient Egypt, through the solidarity, the unity, the disciplined variety of its magnificent achievements, its unexcelled artistic products, and through the enormous duration and the sustained power of its effort, offers the spectacle of the greatest civilization that has yet appeared on the earth. We shall do well to equal it*."

How were these monumental accomplishments achieved? How did a small stone-age culture suddenly rise to create one of the greatest civilizations of known history? Where did the Ancient Egyptians' knowledge and power and sophistication come from?

The ancient creation stories of indigenous cultures worldwide relate that their progenitors came from the sky, the stars, or the heavens. Native Americans recount that their antecedents were "The Sky People" or "Star Beings." Egyptian texts speak of their "bringers of knowledge" coming from *Sahu* and *Sopdit* (Orion and Sirius). The builders of *Teotihuacan* describe their gods as having descended from the heavens. The pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung*, the Maya, the pre-Incans, the Sumerians, and so many others, all express precisely the same story in diverse symbolic languages—their ancestors came from the stars, bringing advanced knowledge and the gift of civilization. These cultures were greatly separated both geographically and chronologically, yet their creation stories are strikingly similar. What could explain this?

The voluminous lore of the ancient Brahmaic and Egyptian traditions relates that in the antediluvian time of *zp tpj* (generally transcribed as *Zep Tepi*), the "first occasion" or "first time," mysterious, highly enlightened "gods" appeared in Egypt, bearing previously unknown technology and knowledge. The texts inscribed on the walls of the Temple of *Edfu* in Upper Egypt contain explicit descriptions of the time of *Zep Tepi* and the coming of the

“bringers of knowledge,” recounting their arrival in a “cosmic egg” radiating colored light, bearing the “gods” who brought the gift of civilization to Egypt, the primary of which was *Ptah*, whose rule, the texts tell us, began circa 18,000 B.C.

Plato (c. 428-348 B.C.) writes that Egyptian priests kept records of their history going back over eighteen-thousand years: “*Egypt has recorded and kept eternally the wisdom of the ancient ages . . . all coming from time immemorial when gods governed the earth in the dawn of civilization*.”

Herodotus tells us that when Hecataeus of Miletus (550-476 B.C.) boasted to the Egyptian priests that he could trace his ancestry back through fifteen centuries, they quietly showed him, in a hidden sanctuary deep under the sands, the statutes of three-hundred-forty-five high priests, each the son of the preceding, making three-hundred-forty-five generations since their “gods” had appeared in the Nile valley, marking an historical record extending back some one-hundred-eighty centuries.

Who were these mysterious “gods”? Why did they come, and from where? Could the time-frames of such astonishing antiquity as expressed in these ancient records, hieroglyphic temple texts and wisdom traditions be accurate?

In the Sahara Desert of southern Egypt, west of *Aswan*, is an area known as *Nabta Playa*. Here an ancient stone calendar circle, along with 25 or more other megalithic erections and structures, was identified by archaeologist Fred Wendorf and his team in 1998. An initial radiocarbon dating of extant cultural artifacts indicated a most recent habitation date of circa 10,000 B.C. According to an extensive analysis by NASA astrophysicist Thomas Brophy and his team, three stones inside the *Nabta* calendar circle represent the belt of Orion, just as the three pyramids of *Giza* align to represent the constellation of Orion as it appeared circa 12,500 B.C., something we find with the great Mayan pyramids as well. The stones of the *Nabta Playa’s* stone calendar circle and the corresponding stars in the sky aligned on summer solstice nights as they appeared circa 16,500 B.C. Based on these and other analyses of monoliths in the area, Brophy concludes that the early inhabitants of *Nabta Playa* possessed highly sophisticated astronomical knowledge, the type of knowledge we associate with advanced technology and civilization.

Where could such advanced technology have come from at the very dawn of

known history? Recent astronomical discoveries, utilizing new research techniques and sophisticated technology, may provide some clues.

Data from NASA's Hubble Space Telescope has revealed that there are hundreds of billions of galaxies in the observable universe. In early 2020, a remarkable announcement came from researchers examining data from the recent Hubble Space Telescope's eXtreme Deep Field survey and the Kepler Space Observatory. A team of top experts completed an exhaustive analysis and what they found is overwhelming. Instead of the previously estimated 200 billion galaxies in the observable universe, there are likely more than *ten trillion* galaxies (Institute for Theory and Computation, Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, Deep Field survey results, Jan 10, 2020).

To put this in some kind of perspective, if you hold a single grain of sand at arm's length against the night sky, the tiny patch of sky it hides contains more than 100,000 galaxies—not 100,000 stars, 100,000 *galaxies*. These galaxies range in size from dwarf galaxies with "just" a few billion stars to giant galaxies with 100 trillion stars.

The immensity of the universe inspires a deep sense of awe—and inspires as well many questions. What's really out there? Clearly, the number of galaxies and stars in our universe is beyond the mind of man to number or name, but what about planets? After all, we generally think of any extraterrestrial life as existing as we do, on a planet orbiting a star at a distance where life as we know it can flourish.

There are indeed planets, an astonishing number of them. As of mid-2017, NASA's Kepler Space Observatory had identified the existence of some 4496 exoplanet candidates and 3750 confirmed exoplanets, that is, planets existing outside of our solar system, orbiting other stars in our Milky Way galaxy, and that number is climbing steadily. The Kepler candidates have an 80-90% probability to be actual discoveries but have yet to be confirmed, and the Kepler telescope's 95 million-pixel instrument has so far examined only a single area of the sky along the Orion spiral arm of our galaxy (an area by the constellations Cygnus and Lyra) containing just 145,000 main sequence stars out of the 200 to 400 billion stars in our Milky Way galaxy.

A 2018 study, published February 2nd in *The Astrophysical Journal Letters*, provides the first evidence that trillions of exoplanets exist beyond the Milky Way as well. Using data from NASA's Chandra X-ray Observatory and a

planet detection technique called microlensing, scientists at the University of Oklahoma examining a distant galaxy found evidence that there are approximately 2,000 extragalactic planets for every one star outside of the Milky Way galaxy. Some of these exoplanets are as (relatively) small as the moon, while others are as massive as Jupiter. "*We can estimate that the number of planets in this faraway galaxy is more than a trillion*," says Xinyu Dai, the astronomy and astrophysics professor who led the study.

Prior to these discoveries, scientists weren't absolutely certain if solar systems like ours were everywhere. Now that the Kepler and Chandra space observatories have identified all of these planets, NASA astrophysicists say that far more will be revealed in the near future. "Before the Kepler space telescope launched, we did not know whether exoplanets were rare or common in our galaxy," said Paul Hertz, Astrophysics Director at NASA Headquarters. "Thanks to Kepler and the research community, we now know there could be more planets than stars."

"It's very exciting," said Dr. William Kinney. "It opens up the universe. Now we know that we're just one of billions and billions of small worlds that are very much like ours. If you extrapolate that to our galaxy as a whole, which has about more than 200 billion stars in it, the calculation based on the Kepler data is that there are around *40 billion* planets like earth."

The 40 billion planets "like earth" is the number calculated to be in our galaxy alone, and the Milky Way, as we now know, is only one of the estimated ten trillion or so galaxies in our universe. This makes a rough estimate of the number of planets in our universe that may satisfy the conditions required to be "earth-like" (i.e., terrestrial or "rocky") something like this: 2,000,000,000,000 times 40,000,000,000, which equals 80 sextillion (an 8 with 22 zeros behind it) (JPL/Caltech, 2016).

To offer a frame of reference for that number, consider for a moment the amount of sand on all of the beaches on earth put together. It has been calculated that there are roughly 5 sextillion grains of sand on all the beaches combined (that's a 5 with 21 zeroes behind it). Now picture every grain of sand on every beach on earth, keeping in mind that there are about 995,500 miles (1,602,000 km) of coastline, then *multiply that picture by sixteen*, and you may begin to get an impression of how many planets are out there.

"*There are so many planets in the universe that, for example, they outnumber*

the sum of all sounds and words ever uttered by every human who has ever lived. To declare that Earth must be the only planet with life in the universe would be inexcusably arrogant of us." —Neil deGrasse Tyson, Ph.D.

"*I believe alien life is quite common in the universe*." —Stephen Hawking, Ph.D.

The 40 billion earth-like planets in our local galaxy is an enormous number, so many to be impossible to fully grasp, but fascinating to contemplate. Our species, in our civilization, progressed from poking around in horse-and-buggy rigs to flying in heavier-than-air machines in less than 100 years. From those first aircraft to the first manned spaceflight took less than 60 years, and a mere 10 years after that Mariner 9 was successfully placed in orbit around Mars, some 140 million miles from earth. Since then, some 12 spacecraft have landed on Mars, including NASA's amazing Rovers. In 2001, a spacecraft successfully landed on an asteroid, and in 2014, after traveling for over 10 years, a spacecraft orbited then landed on a comet. In mid-2015, the New Horizons spacecraft conducted a close examination of Pluto, over 3.6 billion miles from earth. Technology, once developed, progresses with incredible speed.

"*Technology has advanced more in the last twenty years than in the previous two thousand. The exponential increase in advancement will only continue*." —Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate

It's interesting to consider what may exist out there among those 40 billion earth-like planets, and what stunning technologies may have developed. For example, we can imagine the possibility of utilizing Einstein-Rosen bridges (so-called "wormholes") as shortcuts for near instantaneous travel to other galaxies, or completely across the universe, as well as advanced spacecraft propulsion technologies even now being studied, such as magnetized-beam plasma propulsion and ion propulsion. Then too are technologies that we will develop hundreds of years into the future, ones that are far beyond our present ability to even imagine.

"*It bears mentioning that the Milky Way is only one of hundreds of billions of galaxies so far visible to our telescopes, each with hundreds of billions of stars, and each of these has its own complement of planets,*" Seth Shostak, Ph.D., Director of the SETI Institute recently told us. "*Clearly, unless thinking beings inevitably wipe themselves out soon after developing*

technology, extraterrestrial intelligence could be millions or billions of years in advance of us."

"*We might expect intelligent life and technological communities to have emerged in the universe billions of years ago. Given that human society is only a few thousand years old, and that human technological society is mere centuries old, the nature of a community with millions or even billions of years of technological and social progress cannot even be imagined. What would we make of a billion-year-old technological community*?" —Paul Davies, Ph.D., Director of the Center for Fundamental Concepts in Science, Chair of the International Academy of Astronautics

Famed British writer Arthur C. Clarke formulated three prediction-related adages, known as Clarke's three laws, the third of which is formulated as follows: "*Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic*."

The book excerpted below - *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* - contains accounts that, insofar as extensive research indicates, have no counterpart in available world literature. The underlying concepts are present in many profound literatures, both modern and ancient, but no description of an encounter or actual conversation with the *Ri-iha-mo*, the legendary *Himalayan* celestials or 'mountain goddesses,' as the Tibetan term translates. Such accounts may exist, but have apparently remained sealed, that is to say esoteric or arcane.

The following two excerpts are designed to provide a brief overview of the book's contents. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book is available here. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and each section of this volume are included following the reference guide.

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We begin with our first encounter. This day I was accompanied by Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari. And of course our dear friend Mani, who was born in Tibet and raised and mentored in a *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a true *B'on* master. The guide to the individuals appearing is available here. And now, the encounter:

The breeze whispering through tall trees falls silent; this abrupt hush is accompanied by a strange sensation, a very gentle percussion akin to what one feels when there's a distant explosion. I wait, but there is no noise, only deep silence. Mani sits quietly with eyes closed, Shrina and Chiricu gaze about anxiously.

Now we hear sounds, like melodic laughter. Turning to look toward the

upper pool, by the waterfall we see three figures, all dressed in white, one taller, two shorter. All have white-blonde hair. The small ones are children, I suppose. The taller figure kneels next to them for a moment, talking. They nod and dash off into the forest. The other figure rises, gazes after them, then turns and walks toward us.

"Stand up," Mani commands in a whisper.

As the figure approaches, her appearance telegraphs much. Perfect features, ice-blue eyes, graceful stride, and an air of divine ease. Her skin is almost pure white. The closer she gets, the more powerful her presence becomes.

Shrina's jaw drops. "*Ri-iha-mo,*" she breaths softly. She and Chiricu grasp hands and kneel. (A literal translation of Shrina's phrase would be 'mountain goddess.')

Bowing as the divine figure arrives, Mani speaks first. "*Namas-te*."

"*Namas-te,*" replies the figure. She steps closer, examining Mani.

Mani bows again. "I am honored. My name is Mani."

The figure replies, "I am called Aani." She looks at each of us in turn, then back at Mani. Aani's eyes glisten with light. She leans closer to Mani. "You are trained in the arts of *B'on* sorcery, I see. And your inward presence, it holds great ambition."

Mani bows slightly, smiles. "Yes, that is true."

Aani leans away. "Neither are traits I hold in high regard," she says evenly.

Mani's eyes widen, she backs up half a step.

Aani looks down at Shrina, at whom she stares for a moment. "You are Shrina."

"Yes," Shrina squeaks. "But . . . how . . ."

Aani smiles and, oddly, bows her head slightly. "And your sister, is she with you?"

Shrina nods and raises her hand, still clasped to Chiricu's. "Yes, this is my sister, Chiricu."

"Your sister?" Aani asks.

"Yes."

"I mean your sister Sari."

Shrina shakes her head. "Sari is at home."

Aani steps back, as if to leave. This is too much to pass up. "Aani," I say, "if I may ask, where are you and the children from?"

The tiniest of smiles makes her face even more stunning. “My home is here,” she says.

“Here? I don’t understand.”

Aani gazes at me with eyes glacier-blue, clear, pure. “I see you do not. Yet there are many who live here, those not seen.”

“In this valley?” I ask.

“This valley, the mountains that surround.”

My face apparently betrays bewilderment. Again the tiny smile. “We live here, yet our home is a different construction of reality than yours. There are many such constructions.”

“Different constructions?” I ask.

“Yes.” Aani watches me for long seconds. “You think of the things around you as straightforward realities, with an existence of their own, as if somehow separate from you. Yet the things you see, these constructions of reality, are merely your own creations, individual creations, and, like the mountains and valley, mass creations.”

“Symbols,” Shrina says, in a very small voice.

Aani approaches and strokes Shrina’s hair. “Yes dear, symbols, the meaning of which you were being correctly taught by your little sorceress here; symbols that convey meaning in your framework of consciousness.”

Shrina gasps. “You heard our conversation? You were listening?”

Aani bends to kiss Shrina’s forehead. “I was waiting. We will meet again. Tell your sister I asked of her.”

“You know Sari?” I ask.

Aani gazes at me. “You are overtly inquisitive.”

“I am curious.”

“The one grows from the other, yet you become vexing.” Aani pauses. “What is truly curious is a man from the decadent West so easily ingratiating himself to sovereigns.” Aani pauses, examining me closely. “A mortal can learn more from what he believes he does not know than from what he believes he does know. The greatest enemy of knowledge is not ignorance; it is the illusion of knowledge. Yet—and I mean no slight—but this believing that you do not know?—you must no longer make a habit of it. Leave questions to men with no imagination. Wisdom can be found in the most unexpected places; even perhaps within your own self.”

Aani backs up a step, then turns to glide toward the upper pool. She stops for a moment. The children appear from the forest. Aani takes their hands and

they walk to the waterfall. Without further spectacle, they simply walk into the forest and vanish, leaving a slight haze of light that slowly dissipates as we watch. As they vanished, I felt the same mild percussive sensation as before, along with a slight feeling of disorientation.

"Well," I comment, "that was interesting. Who or what in the world was that? Shrina, what did you say? Mountain goddess?"

"Yes," Shrina relies vaguely, staring toward the waterfall.

"What does that mean?" I ask.

Chiricu draws a deep breath. "That was incredible. I did not think they actually existed."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Michael," Chiricu replies, "the mountain gods and goddesses, they are legends, stories told to children. I always thought they were mythical."

"So what makes you think that's what Aani is, a mountain goddess?—whatever that is."

Shrina is electrified; she turns and takes my hands in hers. "Michael, she was real, she actually talked to me, she touched me, and she knew me! I cannot believe it."

This rather reminds me of someone who grew-up in the Louvre getting excited about a local art show. "Shrina, calm down," I insist. "Tell me what you know about them."

"That I talked to one! I cannot wait to tell Sari, she will be jealous."

"Right, okay. Chiricu what are the stories?"

Chiricu closes her eyes, thinking. "Well, that there is a race of celestial beings who live in *Siddhalaya* valley. They come from another world. They watch over the good children, and the animals, but they cannot be seen."

"Why not?" I ask.

Chiricu frowns. "I do not know Michael, they are just children's stories, myths. Or so I thought."

I turn to Mani. "How about you, what do you know?"

"It is part of the legend of *Siddhalaya*, that divine beings live here."

"What does that mean, divine beings?"

"I am not sure, but the old books at my monastery—the ones the abbot did not like me to read—speak of the legend, a very ancient legend, that celestial beings live in the *Siddhalayan* mountains. As Chiricu said, they came from another world to live here, to be in a place of peace and beauty."

"That does sound mythical. Any idea what 'another world' means?" I ask.

The girls shake their heads.

"And the stories say they actually live in the mountains, like inside the mountains?"

Chiricu sighs. "I do not think so. I have heard Fenn and Maxi talk about stories of societies of beings living in the remote hanging valleys that lie far up the mountains, valleys inaccessible to anyone. Maxi may be able to tell you more."

A chill wind whooshes through the trees. No one speaks. We just saw and spoke to a living part of an age-old legend, and that has had quite an impact. Shrina snuggles against me, Chiricu too. Mani stares off over the pond.

Eventually Mani breaks the silence. "Well, this day suitably illustrates what we were discussing. So, before we go, I will conclude with an appropriate thought, one the abbot told me many, many times."

We look expectantly at Mani.

"You must view life as an adventure," she says, "and view opportunities and difficulties as challenges within that adventure. You must understand that you chose the adventure you are on, for your own inner reasons. It is your adventure—it belongs to you along with the freedom to create whatever you desire."

"Did we create the visit from the mountain goddess?" Shrina asks.

Mani strokes Shrina's hair. "In some sense yes, I suppose we all did, each for our own reasons."

"But how, if I have not even thought of a mountain goddess?"

Mani smiles. "Perhaps not all of your innermost desires emerge into your thoughts quite so noticeably. You see, what you perceive as thoughts or images in your mind are symbols too. In deeper levels of your consciousness are ideas and concepts not cloaked in symbols; these remain obscure to your normal consciousness, which works only with symbolic representations."

Shrina sighs. "If I want to see her again, what should I do?"

"Formulate your desire, then let your desire become action using the techniques of power I am teaching you. Your desire must be impeccably reflected in your thoughts and inner images—that is the magic. When you do this, in the inner world your desires are wholly fulfilled, immediately and effortlessly. In what you perceive to be the outer world, time may have to pass, circumstances change, or whatever, but that desire will manifest. It is law."

Excerpt from the chapter, *Investigations and Insights*:

I later had an opportunity to discuss the encounter with Master Amrita. Usually helpful and candid, he was clearly reticent to speak about the 'celestial goddesses.' He did offer this: "To say your encounter was rare would be to utterly understate the matter."

Seeing this line of inquiry thwarted, I inquired about Aani's mention of "a different construction of reality." Amrita answered: "A construction of reality simply means the way you organize what you choose to perceive as the reality around you. You create your existence and its physical setting—you then structure all of it with as much or as little organization as you find necessary at any point. The organization has an essential purpose; to provide for all who share a common reality a consistency and persistence of the physical world, two very necessary elements. The consistency of perceived reality is a result of several factors. Firstly, that everyone sharing a specific construction of reality agrees on the meanings and resultant symbols that are mutually constructed. I should add that this works because you choose to perceive all the similarities that connect you, and at the same time ignore all the dissimilarities. Out of a vast field of available perceptions—and I cannot emphasize enough how vast that field is—you focus upon very narrow, very specific areas of agreement and ignore all others; this creates a commonality of perceived physical reality. The persistence arises as well from a mutually shared agreement, yet is more fluid and subject to change. Your shared reality is a construction in constant creation; shifts in the meanings and symbols drawn from the vast field of available perceptions are necessary and inevitable. Without such shifts, the world would seem static."

"Okay, but to get back on point; can, let's say . . . a different group of people, can they occupy the same space as we do, but be imperceptible to us?"

"Since you have a fixed idea of space and what occupies it, this becomes difficult to explain. However, many constructions of reality quite different from your own can exist in what you think of as the same space, yet go unperceived, simply because you choose to ignore perceptions that do not fit within the framework of your particular ideas of physical reality. Even so, portions of other constructions are occasionally glimpsed, especially in altered states of consciousness—like the edges of sleep or deep meditation—yet are disregarded because they do not conform to anything with which you are familiar or, most importantly, willing to accept. But do be aware that your

consciousness can encompass all available constructions, if allowed to. It helps to understand that when you perceive other realities, you actually perceive a greater extent of your own consciousness. There is nothing apart from you."

In our second and third encounters with the Celestials, they revealed profound revelations about our universe, our planet, and our true being, revelations that can greatly assist in understanding our world, its history, and our role and power in creating precisely the life we desire.

Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins, briefly excerpted above, contains in-depth accounts of the encounters the author and his companions had with individuals they believe to have been the true "celestial goddesses" of *Himalayan* legend, and how the extensive knowledge and teachings of the celestials relates to the profound accomplishments and knowledge of Ancient Egypt. Includes an extensive examination of Ancient Egypt and recent discoveries by astronomers and astrophysicists. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. 2020 Edition, e-reader page count 335. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, and for Egypt here.

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Excerpts from
The Masters Speak, Twenty-Seven Dialogues

"*The mystic and the physicist arrive at the same conclusion; one starting from the inner realm, the other from the outer world. The harmony between their views confirms the ancient Indian wisdom that the ultimate reality without is identical to the reality within.*" —Fritjof Capra, Ph.D., winner of the Da Vinci Medallion

"*And those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music.*" —Friedrich Nietzsche

A Platinum Edition Book. The wisdom, knowledge and practices presented in this book arise directly from the esoteric teachings of profoundly enlightened

individuals. If studied with patience and care these teachings can, with the proper study and preparation, enable you to develop abilities that most people would say are extraordinary, unbelievable, or even impossible. Yet nothing explained in this volume is supernormal or beyond the ability of a properly equipped individual. These abilities are not miracles. Quite the contrary. They do not require any capacities that are not inherent in the human species as a whole, if those capacities are properly recognized and diligently developed.

These brief excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents. A space in the text indicates the end of the one excerpt and the beginning of the next. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book series is available here. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and each section of this volume is included following the reference guide.

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Excerpt from the chapter, *The Ultimate Nature of Reality*:

Seeing the approaching storm, I make my way along the stone paths to the home of Sherpa Jampla and his wife Chiricu. This couple has accepted me so openly and warmly that I have come to consider them as good friends. I knock briskly and Chiricu answers, looking quite fetching wearing nothing but many strings of beads. She smiles charmingly, and I communicate my news, or try. She seems unimpressed with my interpretation of the situation, but Jampla, listening from their bed, has a different reaction. He jumps up and together we stare at the sky

Jampla smiles, oddly enough, yet sums up the situation neatly. "We must call on *Siddha*."

Editor's Note: The term *Siddha* refers to perfected masters, or adepts, who have achieved a high degree of physical as well as spiritual perfection or enlightenment. *Siddha* additionally refers to one who has attained *siddhis,* paranormal capabilities. According to the text of the *Svetasvatara-Upanishad,* the *Siddhas,* or adepts, are the *Nirmanakayas,* or 'spirits'—in the sense of an individual or conscious spirit—of the great sages from higher planes than our own, who voluntarily incarnate or remain in physical bodies in order to help the human race in its upward progress, thus their innate knowledge, wisdom, and power. —*Svetasvatara-Upanishad* II.2, thought to have been composed between the 6th and 5th century B.C.

This sounds intriguing. I follow as Jampla heads toward the lake. Early mist swirls thickly over the water, now shiny black-onyx, opaque as the clouds. An icy haze sweeps east to west; pine needles dance black against snow white and mist gray. Jampla descends the steps, motioning me to stop. He stands by the water; he chants, but so softly I cannot make out what he is intoning. Not a half-minute later, another figure appears along the misty lake shore, very tall, perhaps six-four or six-five, garbed in white. Jampla bows, they talk for a moment; I feel it is safe to approach. The tall one is a strikingly handsome man with strangely luminous blue eyes; they seem to glow as if lit from within.

"Jampla tells me you are concerned by the approaching storm," the tall

one says. “Is this true?” Without awaiting an answer, he and Jampla grin broadly at one another, as if sharing some private amusement. Before I can explain, the tall one lifts a slender hand and points toward the towering clouds. “So, would you now, if you knew you could, turn away the storm?”

I nod. “Yes, of course.”

“And how would you go about it?” he asks.

“Actually, I’m not aware that such a thing is possible.”

“It is for some. Here, sit down, I will explain.”

I sit, as does Jampla.

“Now,” the tall one says, “where should I begin?” He thinks for a moment. “The prime element is this: The content of your consciousness awareness becomes the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness.”

This is a idea held by even competitive mythologies. I nod.

“Now tell me, just what is a storm?”

“A heat engine,” I reply, “convection, moisture, huge amounts of energy.”

“So it appears. Energy and water, which is matter, and so only energy as well. Is this not true?”

I nod, wondering where this is headed.

“And what is energy?” he asks.

This is an excellent question, with an answer that exists on many levels, the deepest of which physicists have been striving to understand for decades. I can only think of the nineteenth-century definition that we now recognize as fundamentally superficial. “Energy represents the work a physical system is capable of in changing from an existing state to another specified state.”

He looks disappointed. “Energy is simply consciousness objectified. This is a key understanding. All that exists is consciousness; consciousness is the only real. All else is merely an appearance, the result of your particular format of consciousness, that is, subject-object consciousness. You are consciously aware; yet to be aware you must be aware *of* something; to be aware, you must perceive something other than self, other than your own self. The self is the subjective aspect of consciousness. That of which you are aware is the objective aspect, the objects of your awareness. Yet both subject and object are the very same, they are only perceived as separate and distinct within subject-object consciousness. So, in a practical sense, you could think

of energy as the manifestation of a certain stratum of consciousness in this realm of space and time that we call physical reality. However, this is not consciousness as you normally think of it, it is consciousness transformed into an object. You must understand that all being and all existence is consciousness; the highest levels of awareness, the unmanifest energy from which all matter and interactions arise, and all the manifest matter around us. And that embraces, I would point out, that storm."

"I see," I respond.

He gazes at me for a moment. "Your acquiescence would suggest that you have either little idea of what I just said, or that you have studied the wisdom traditions of the East. Since you are in this valley, absence of such knowledge seems unlikely."

"I have some knowledge of the traditions."

"Well, we shall see. Now, as all that exists is consciousness, we may be certain that consciousness can only be aware of consciousness, on whatever level it exists. Ultimately, all consciousness is precisely the same in that it is of the same source and substance, differing only in its organization, but that may or may not be perceptible depending on the extent of awareness of the perceiver. Matter is energy, and energy is an expression of consciousness, thus all energy is ordered and organized by higher expressions of consciousness than itself. Again, in practical application, you may proceed by thinking of energy and matter as relatively lower expressions of pure consciousness, and of an individualized, organized consciousness as a relatively higher expression, like you or I or Jampla. Hence, our consciousness can command the matter-energy of the storm, as that energy only represents a different form of consciousness."

I nod, expecting more. The tall one only smiles. The clouds are growing, now immense towering things, black with water, thousands of tons of it. Gusts of wind sweep the lake, buffeting us with spray.

The tall one studies me for a moment. "Well, what are you waiting for?" he asks.

"You were going to explain how the storm could be turned away."

"I have," he says emphatically.

"I don't understand. You were explaining the nature of energy as consciousness, but that doesn't explain how to turn the storm away."

He grins. "Oh, but it does. You do not believe you can; there is the problem."

“No, I don’t believe I can,” I reply. “It’s not possible.”

“Your belief is incorrect, you are missing something important. Beliefs about the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent images in the inner eye of the mind; those exact patterns of thought and inner images create all the experiences you encounter in life. Be aware that this explains why each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate. Their beliefs create their life; yet they imagine that life creates their beliefs. This can be difficult to overcome.”

Excerpt from the chapter, *Fundamental Understandings*:

Kenji is watching me closely. “You see, nature is not a finished product, my friend. And it is not some sacred temple, nor is it a school,” he says pointedly. “You can think of it as a workshop. Nature provides the raw materials, but mind must do the rest. You must unfold your natural ability to use the tools of consciousness. In this workshop you may do what you want: You may play half-knowingly or half-heartedly with your tools and manifest incomplete creations; or you may use the tools with knowledge and precision, thereby creating exactly what you desire; beauty, harmony, freedom, love, joy, abundance, fulfillment, anything. Your experience of reality is entirely up to you; in the physical realm as in all realms, it may be molded into anything, at any time—all that you can conceive of and know is attainable can become your experience.”

“Kenji,” I encourage, “there is much in what you are saying that I find difficult to comprehend.”

Lemia squeezes my leg. “Michael, you may think of it this way: creating your life is much like painting a picture. Space and time are your canvas, your mind’s thoughts and images are your brushes and blades, and grades of energy are the colors on your palette. You may paint your picture any way you wish; large or small, bold or subtle, colorful or drab, wonderful or terrible, pleasurable or painful, successful or disastrous, creative or destructive; whatever you believe and imagine your picture can be. Your creation is what you call life, eternally unfolding in each split-second of the now.”

Her breath is warm and sweet on my face, yet, melted as I feel, there is a counterpoint to be made. “But Lemia, life seems to include, for example,

earthquakes and floods and venomous snakes, as well as benevolent adepts."

She smiles, but it is Kenji that answers. Sternly (with a touch of Aquinas, Spinoza, and Nietzsche), he says, "In your life? I think not. Good and bad are merely prejudices, terms that you apply to things according to their perceived advantage or injury to yourself or mankind. Nature itself is far beyond good and evil, and entirely ignores such egoistic terminology." He adds (as would Machiavelli), "What is truly good seldom coincides with what appears to be advantageous from an egoistic point of view, and few are those who can recognize and reconcile the two." Kenji smiles. "And it is not snakes that are dangerous," he assures me, "only the fear of snakes. Everything that dies dies by its own corruption, all that injures comes from within."

Lemia adds a warning. "Michael, you may go through life seemingly jostled about and battered by chance, happenstance and fate—your words for things that do not exist—or you may take up the tools you possess, the great principles of consciousness, and with them create precisely the life you most desire. If you do not impose impeccable discipline on your thoughts, mental images and emotions, directing them to encompass only what you wish to manifest in your experience, you can rely on them to be random and unruly, and manifest scores of undesired experiences, all the while drawing to you multitudes of unwanted circumstances, situations, and forms. The choice is yours, thought I believe that you have already made it. That is one of the reasons you are here."

The Masters Speak, Twenty-Seven Dialogues, very briefly excerpted above, reveals the esoteric teachings of profoundly enlightened individuals. 2021 Edition, 15 Chapters, 37 Subsections, e-reader page count 405. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

GO TO: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* *The Masters Speak* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Reference Guide

- Section V: Source Material -

Excerpts from Book One of '*In The Valley of Supreme Masters'*

A Chronicle of Power

Part 1 - *Revelations of a Paranormal Kind*

"The more developed the individual consciousness the more persistently it will seek its true source, like a child strayed from its parent, or a wanderer longing for home. If it is capable of patient study and meditation, it may find the ladder down which it came, and will climb back to its heights."
—*Himalayan* Master R.K. of *Siddhalaya*

This is where it all began. The following excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents; they may not be in chronological order and the majority of chapters are not excerpted. A space between lines indicates the end of one excerpt and a jump to the next excerpt. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book series is available here. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and each chapter of this volume are included following the reference guide.

The village is small and ancient, yet very beautiful. Seemingly overhead, rising nearly six miles into the sky, towers the great *Himalayan* massif of *Dhaulagiri*. Far above, magic colors appear, shimmer and disappear, silent reflections in clouds that sail across iced granite on high, swift journeys.

Nestled in a valley below the snowfields, in dense emerald-green forest by a pure azure lake, the village spreads its river-stone structures. To the north, eagles glide in the sunny mist; the clouds drift and a high forest comes into view, threaded by waterfalls. To the east, across the crystal lake, more shining waterfalls flow down out of the clouds. As I gaze, *Dhaulagiri's* peaks appear and vanish in the lavender and gray of high clouds.

This village is so exceedingly remote, and its existence so mythical, that it does not appear on official maps; on olden maps it is sometimes marked as *Bhala*, or *Bhalapada* (Sanskrit; path to *Bhala*). Yet it has at least one other, more vital name: *Siddhalaya*. *Siddha*, in Sanskrit, denotes a high adept or master; *alaya* means the abode of—for this is said to be the Village of the Masters.

The lamas (in Tibetan, a spiritual teacher or mentor) who preserve and transmit the traditions of *Siddhalaya* relate that great adepts have sojourned here periodically over the centuries. This tradition recounts that Shakyamuni visited the masters that appear in this valley, and that it was here that he came, as the historical Buddha, when he last left India. ("Come Amanda, let

us go to the mountains.") Some say that Shri Krishna visited this village some five-thousand years ago, and that this was the destination of the young philosopher-adept Shankara when he embarked upon his final journey north. No ordinary person can say if these traditions are simply legends, or truth, or some mixture thereof; yet perhaps it does not matter, for I am told that the masters visit *Siddhalaya* still.

How wonderful it feels to be in this place. It seems like a dream. As I write this, I smile over the short—and until now the sole—entry I wrote almost three months ago to begin this, the first diary of my journey.

Today I leave for Kathmandu. The most striking thing about my departure is its suddenness. I have twice before journeyed to the *Great Himalayan Range*; both trips required many months of planning and preparation. Travel arrangements and the acquisition of trekking permits, especially the latter, can take, in some cases, a year or more. This time everything falls into place in a strangely effortless manner. Even so, my reasons for this journey are ambiguous. At time, in moments of lucidity—or is it doubt?—they seem to be only the most shallow of intellectualizations: I need time away from my studies; I am restless, deeply restless, as if seeking something yet unknown; I love the great mountain regions, the beauty, the solitude, the serenity, the challenge; I need distance and clarity to decide whether to pursue work in physics or to focus primarily on philosophy—I have endeavored in these fields for years, a decision must be made. I need, or desire, or want . . . what?

Yet none of these reasons seem as real as whatever is drawing me to the vast wilderness of the *Himalaya*. I lack even a specific destination; I have only the image of a village in a valley deep within the towering ranges, a village that I know solely through a recurring dream; and although this dream is at least somewhat corroborated by references, albeit obscure—in rare books, the writings of sages and mystics, the journals of early explorers—there is no certainty that it exists.

Then there is the advice of the Hopi Indian shaman with whom I spoke nearly six months ago. "You must follow the trail of your Spirit," he said.

I asked how such a trail could be known.

"It cannot be known by ordinary means. Spirit trails are invisible. You follow by intuition and observation. The trail will be clear of obstacles. When off the trail, many obstacles will be found. When you meet resistance, you are off the trail. Look for happenings, look for signs. You must feel your way along, carefully watching, watching, always watching."

One thing is certain. In recent months, all circumstances and events in my life have channeled me toward this journey. And the preparations for this trip have been uncannily free of resistance. I feel propelled. Perhaps I am on the trail of Spirit. Where, I wonder, does such a trail lead?

Today may provide a hint. In midmorning a man appears, a man that all here call a "master," walking with the High Lama of *Siddhalaya* and several others down the wide stone steps. They present a festive air, with the others, who I have been told are students, beaming and chatting quietly. I draw closer and sit near to where they gather, overhearing the end of the master's comments.

"How necessary it is to daily renew and consistently strive for a greater realization of the majestic principles of consciousness, of their ultimately overarching nature, and of their transcendence of all physical law. Through your striving, through your attainment of clarity and focus, and through your intent, you have begun to open your awareness. Yet listen well, for I tell you that not one among you yet has the faintest comprehension of the true depth and breadth of the invariant principles. By them you may access virtually measureless wisdom and power, for they are as vast as the universe, and equally as infinite. The only restrictions are those that you yourself create, by imposing limits upon your own power, and boundaries upon your own awareness."

The students nod approvingly, as if they understand.

The master smiles. "Do not forget, the more developed the individual consciousness the more persistently it will seek its true source, like a child strayed from its parent, or a wanderer longing for home. If it is capable of patient study and meditation, it may find the ladder down which it came, and will climb back to its heights. If you desire the unseen essence passionately, and strive with dedication, then surely, perhaps in some moment when all the noise of the senses is stilled, you will find yourself one with true reality."

Whatever this man may be, he is a master of controlled complexity. Yet one must be on guard against learned obscurity. In this reaching toward the Orient and the Infinite, it is wise to recall that the first and perhaps final lesson of philosophy is that we may all be mistaken. Even so, despite their voluptuous mysticism, I find these remarks strangely moving; even a foreign skeptic can share the feeling and envy the hope.

It is clear and cold at first light. The horizon's circle panorama of towering

peaks shines ice-cold-white in the sun. I take a bracing dip in the lake, steps from my campsite. I'm excited to visit the village again; I find myself so intrigued by its people and sights that I scarcely slept. Never before in my travels through any mountain region have I seen a community and its people so well-ordered. All I can compare it to are a few small hamlets I've encountered in the Swiss Alps, where it seemed as though I stepped into the pages of a storybook; where all the people were kind, presentable and gracious, and where the village itself looked as if it had been created by a marvelously skilled and well-funded film production crew. *Siddhalaya* village is perfectly natural, and this is the mystery; it is exotically surrealistic in its perfection.

Between the neat village homes and the lake are a series of beautiful courtyards, graced by wide stone steps leading down to the water's edge. Strolling down to these courtyards, I am pleased to see that Lama Karpa, the High Lama of *Siddhalaya*, is again present with the man referred to as a master. Everyone seems to accept the presence of this man—said to be a true adept—as quite normal and not occasion for any special activity.

This morning there is a jaunty young fellow—a nomadic Tamang trader and transporter, sporting a flute and colorful vest—who descends the steps and approaches with his wife and child. The wife is scarcely more than a child herself, petite and pretty, smiling happily. Decked with silver-beaded necklaces, she cradles a baby girl who looks, much like her mother, to be thoroughly happy with all things.

The young man, jaunty as he may be, appears hesitant to address the master directly, so looks shyly to the lama. "I wish to know what spiritual practices are most important to pursue. You see, my life is very busy, with my wife and child and mountain ponies. I must support myself and my family, and have found a fine and honest business. My responsibilities are very demanding. I cannot devote a great deal of time to spiritual matters."

The master smiles. "There is nothing in this or any other life that is not a spiritual matter. Each belief, each thought and image, each word, each action creates that which you experience in each successive moment of your life. Therefore, let each and every thought, image, word and action reflect what you most desire and nothing else. By so doing, each and every moment will be a spiritual matter, which is to say that each moment will reflect a conscious use of your own creative power. Is this clear?"

This is notably mystical, I think, and far from clear, at least to me.

Emboldened by opportunity, I move closer and sit near this man. He turns his gaze to me; his eyes possess an extraordinary depth and clarity. I have an unusual feeling, a tingly sensation of lightness. I take a breath and ask, “I am interested in knowing . . . everyone here refers to you as a master. What exactly does that mean, what is it to be a master?”

He looks at me, clearly amused. “It is only that which others call me. Yet perhaps a master can be simply thought of as someone who set forth on the path before you. For there is nothing that I do that you cannot do, and there is nothing that I am that you are not. Your path so far has led you here, a very rare occurrence.”

I nod. “I feel lucky to have found this place.”

Now he appears even more amused. “There are rules to what you call luck. For the wise nothing is chance. Do you know where your path will now lead?”

“I really have no idea.”

“No, I suppose not, at least in your waking moments. Consider carefully what you have so far encountered, and be assured that it is only the beginning.”

This is interesting, so I ask the obvious question. “What do you mean?”

He gazes at me. “The path you are on will lead you through adventures, experiences and discoveries beyond your current ability to imagine.”

“Really?” I ask, with a bit more skepticism in my voice than I intended.

He stands and smiles down at me. “Yes, quite so. Your life is a state of mind, it has no boundaries. I advise you to reflect on that.”

“I will, but these things beyond my ability to imagine? I’d really like to know what you mean.”

His smile fades. “Choose other desires.”

I must appear disappointed. His smile returns. “I cannot say more; it is impossible to transform experience and discovery into words, for they move in a world beyond your logic and intellect. One must learn to recognize forces behind experiences, and desires behind discoveries. You will see.” He turns to leave, then stops. “And continue to pay attention to your dreams; though they may seem at times obscure, they repay unraveling.”

Among the treasures of this incredible valley is *Siddhalaya* gompa (Tibetan; *dgon-pa*, monastery), although I have been informed that *Siddhalaya* gompa is not a true monastery, but rather a “retreat in the solitude.” An imposing and

stirringly beautiful structure, it rises two and three levels, said to have been built in sections over hundreds of years. Set to the north and some distance apart from the village, the gompa is positioned against a long, high cliff, a cliff unlike any I have seen elsewhere in the *Great Himalayan Range*, or in any mountains. This apparently igneous rock is composed entirely of a milky, translucent white quartz-granite. When illuminated by the sun, it glows with a sparkling radiance. The gompa itself is built from blocks of this same unusual material, cut and fitted with remarkable precision, hence presents a strikingly beautiful sight—inside and out—a gleaming white structure set beneath a shining white cliff.

On the gompa's west side there is an exquisite courtyard, shaded by huge oaks and ornamented by flowering shrubs. Here the lamas teach, and here the masters occasionally appear, sometimes to instruct, more often to assist students in complex visualizations. An adept's mere presence, I am told, engenders higher states of conscious awareness than could usually be achieved. Beyond the oaks, in the granite and evergreen, the lake of turquoise glitters beneath the snow peaks.

I am consistently struck by the remarkable beauty of this remote, mountain-rimmed valley and the *Siddhalaya* gompa. To even approach the structure is to experience a feeling of peace and well-being, and to be enlarged with an awareness of exceptional beauty. Today I sit high on a snowfield, gazing about—up at the immense mountains and down upon the lake and village and gompa—it is all ethereally dazzling. I am filled with a serene happiness, a radiant joy of being here, of being alive, of simply being. "Sometimes," wrote Thoreau, idly drifting on Walden Pond, "I cease to live, and begin to be."

From this height, and the manner in which it is set against the high white cliff, the gompa does not appear overly large, yet it seems so inside. I have explored much of the interior, but certainly not all; certain passageways seem forbidding in some manner, which I take as an intuitive sign to stay out, at least for now. There is much mystery about the place. There are passageways which, when traveling them, seem to go much farther than it looks as if they could from the outside—is this an illusion? Twice I have glimpsed gatherings of people whom I have never seen before, and have yet to see again. And the many large rooms, could they all exist inside this building I am staring at? I have sat in library rooms which hold thousands of manuscripts and scrolls;

those rooms alone seem like they would take up much of the structure I see from this bright, cold vantage point.

I have been up on this snowfield for hours; I must be careful for snow blindness comes on quickly at these altitudes. I have forgotten my dark goggles, so pull out a handkerchief, cut a slit in the center, and tie it around my head. The Sherpas claim this works as well as any goggles. I doubt it, but they are very skilled at making do with what may be found at hand. And one cannot really question their experience with these vast mountain regions, or their outgoing desire to help. This wonderful attitude is by no means common, even in unsophisticated people; I have encountered it before only among the Eskimos. It is thought that, in pre-history, the nomadic Mongol ancestors of both Tibetans and Native Americans originated in the same region of northern Asia. Possibly the Sherpas' sense of life and freedom results in part from a common heritage; more likely it is the result of the Tibetan spiritual tradition, unlike any other on this planet.

The gompa beckons, although to visit, I have found, is much more of a setting out than a dropping in. I descend through crisp air and soft snow, hip deep, then knee deep, then forest carpeted in needles and laced with rushing crystal brooks. A hill fox hurries by, ignoring me, intent upon his hunt. Ravens wheel around the pines; landing they rustle and scratch in the fallen needles. Arriving in front to the gompa, I stomp snow and mud off my feet, remove my boots and wander in, thinking of perhaps meditating in one of the many rooms set aside for that purpose. I stroll through the main hall, and turn instead into the lower floor library. I see a door open into another book-lined room, one I have yet to explore. Here are books in several languages devoted to the geographical and geophysical history of the *Great Himalayan Range*.

On one wall of this room is set a huge map, obviously very old, made of a fibrous material, like palm leaves, somehow treated in a way that has allowed it to withstand the stress of time. The map is boldly, beautifully and precisely executed and, from what I can tell, remarkably accurate geographically. It bears strange symbols, like runes, entirely unintelligible. I peer closely and see a string of symbols next to the small bluish mark that I take to represent *Siddhalaya*.

"What is it you see?" says a voice directly into my ear. Having been so absorbed I am a bit startled, and turn to see a figure with long, jet-black hair and extraordinarily deep, glinting black eyes. I am a bit wary of this man. He is called Kenji; an individual surrounded by impenetrable mystery, at least

according to Jampla.

Author's Note: Jampla once told me, after many cups of chang, that Kenji is many things, some unimaginable, but among them a "sorcerer," an immensely powerful practitioner of the white magic of the old B'on religion. This is not staggeringly implausible, as such men certainly existed, but the claim is discredited somewhat by Jampla's further story of once having seen Kenji fly over the lake on the back of a snow leopard. Chang is the local brew made from fermented barley, and is, to me at least, an acquired taste, certainly, with an acquisition period that must extend over a long period of time; less than a decade would not do.

I have glimpsed Kenji a few times at the gompa; the lamas refer to him as a caretaker, though I have never seen him engaged in any such activity. However, if this is his task he is very good, as the gompa and surrounding courts are impeccably kept.

Sorcerers traffic in runes, I think; if that's what he is, perhaps he knows these symbols. "Kenji," I ask, pointing, "this blue mark, does it represent *Siddhalaya*?"

"It does," he replies.

"Do you know what these symbols mean? They look a lot like hieroglyphics."

"They would, they are similar, yet actually a form of ideographs. Such symbols preceded the ancient language of Senzar, and gave it birth. Senzar was the progenitor of the original languages of Egyptian and archaic Sanskrit."

"Can you read them?" I ask.

"Naturally."

"What do these symbols at *Siddhalaya* mean?"

He gazes at me, unblinking, not looking at the map. "Literally, they say, 'Here exists the gate.'"

This, I think, is delightfully mystical. "Gate to what?"

He continues to peer at me, directly into my eyes. A half-second smile flashes across his face, then his gaze becomes even more intense, uncomfortably so. "To whatever you can imagine. To anything. To everything. Perhaps to nothing."

I don't know exactly how to respond to this; there is something eerie in his voice. "That's very cryptic," I say, "could you be more specific?"

“No,” he says. “Not in the least. It is what you would call a legend, a prehistoric legend at that. This map is very much older than you can believe.”

“How do you know? Perhaps you mis-estimate me.”

“Perhaps. But what if I told you the map was a thousand years old?”

“That seems believable,” I observe.

“Really? Then where do the limits of your belief lie? What would you consider to be believable, unbelievable, possible, impossible? Is two-thousand years too old? Five-thousand? And what if I were to tell you that this map is over twelve-thousand years old? What then would you say?”

I stare at the map, disregarding the last but wondering if it might actually be a thousand years old.

“Does your belief or disbelief change what is?” he presses.

“Actually, Kenji, I don’t think my beliefs change ultimate reality the tiniest bit, if that’s what you mean by what is, but they do serve as a primary determinate of my experience of that reality.”

Kenji’s eyes brighten. “An excellent answer. I scarcely think I could have said it better. And just how far do you think the effects of your beliefs can lead in your experience of reality?”

“Honestly, I’m not sure,” I reply.

“Very few are. It is something that extends beyond the imaginative ability of all but the enlightened, and even escapes some of them, I’d say.”

Excerpted from: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, 2021 Edition, e-reader page count 728. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, and the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

And See: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Books One & Two - *The Full Series*, 2021 Edition, e-reader page count 1285. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the FR Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

GO TO: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the ‘Four Portals’* *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* *The Masters Speak* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Reference Guide

- Section VI: Supplemental Material -

Book List and Descriptions

From the Publisher, for the Reader's Convenience: Wisdom Maters Press publishes a large number of books based on the journals and field notes of M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, for very good reasons, so many books in fact as to be a bit puzzling to readers. The primary series is quite straightforward, yet the selection of companion books is complex. Many of these companion books are very specialized, covering specific topical, methodological, experiential, and/or scientific material and, in certain books, how that relates to a number of subjects, including ancient mysteries, lost civilizations, recent revelations from the field of quantum physics, and other significant issues. To clarify our library, we assembled this book list to let interested readers browse and formulate an idea of each book's content to determine which one(s) they may wish to read.

Notes:

1. This list provides a brief summary of the subject matter of each book. We consider this to be an *essential service* to assist our readers in making informed decisions as to which books interest them and which books may not. If you have questions regarding any of our books, please don't hesitate to contact us directly via wisdommasterspress "at" gmail.

2. For more complete information on each book, click the appropriate link to visit the book's Amazon page. Once there, you can see the full book description and use the 'Look Inside' feature to see the table of contents and the beginning of the book's content.

3. To view our current book deals and other news, please see our newsletter. Join our community mailing list here and receive free books, discounts, book updates and other news. Additionally, we provide manuscript copies for qualified Research Centers, and for Museum, Library, and University Collections.

4. Kindle page counts are derived from Amazon's 'Kindle Edition Normalized Page Count' system (KENPC, V1.0), which attempts to estimate a book's page count in a way that works across most formats and devices.

Actual page counts can vary significantly depending on the reading device you're using.

***'In The Valley of Supreme Masters'* Book Series**

About this Series: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* began as a test of the introduction of extremely rare material, combining an adventurous narrative with an unprecedented level of esoteric information, and has met with enthusiastic success. Originally introduced as *The Living Part of a Legend* book series (Volumes 1-4), these new editions have been restructured under the supervision of the author, contributors, and editors.

- ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Books One & Two - *The Full Series***

2021 Edition, Kindle page count 1285. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the FR Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

Also available as individual volumes:

- ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power***

2021 Edition, Kindle page count 728. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, and the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

- ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite***

2020 Edition, Kindle page count 640. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, and the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

Companion Volumes

Each of the following companion volumes focuses on a combination of specifically related topical, methodological, experiential, archaeological, cosmological, quantum mechanical, and/or other material.

- ***Mystic Wisdom of the Masters, The Esoteric Knowledge of Great Adepts***

Original Edition Book. This 2020 revision of our original foundational digest

of discourses from and conversations with the masters that Hawking encountered in an isolated region of the *Himalayas* is an excellent and comprehensive exploration of the wisdom, knowledge and practices of highly enlightened individuals. This book is organized by each individual master's conversations and discourses. Includes extensive Anthological and Supplemental Sections. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 432. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

• ***True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'***

Platinum Edition Book. Based on the archived field notes and journals of explorer M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, this remarkable book contains detailed narratives of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor*, a true *B'on* sorceress. To say that Mani is rare and exceptional would be to gravely understate the case. Born in Tibet, she was raised and mentored in an ancient *B'on* monastery by an Abbot known to be a *B'on* master of great power, one of perhaps two or three remaining teachers of the primeval esoteric arts of *B'on* magic, or 'sorcery,' the knowledge of the '*Four Portals*.'

These highly esoteric teachings set forth techniques of powerful elemental magic, or "sorcery," and are of extreme antiquity. The first extant traces of these teachings are thought to have appeared as part of the esoteric lore of the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* culture that arose on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* some four-thousand years ago, but they are believed to have originated far earlier. Being an exceedingly restricted body of knowledge, said to convey enormous powers, the teachings disappear from the historical record for some twenty-six centuries, not to reemerge until the 7th century A.D. in the arcane scriptures of the ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion, as found in the *Himalayan* highlands of Tibet.

This book discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that enabled her to attain such extraordinary abilities. 2021 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, Kindle page count 422. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store

here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

• ***Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins***

Platinum Edition Book. The ancient creation stories of indigenous cultures worldwide relate that their progenitors came from the sky or the stars. Egyptian texts speak of their "bringers of knowledge" coming from *Sahu* and *Sopdit* (Orion and Sirius). The builders of *Teotihuacan* describe their gods as having descended from the heavens. Native Americans recount that their antecedents were "The Sky People" or "Star Beings." The pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung*, the Maya, the pre-Incans, the Sumerians, and so many others, all express precisely the same story in diverse symbolic languages—their ancestors came from the stars, bringing advanced knowledge and the gift of civilization. These cultures were greatly separated both geographically and chronologically, yet their creation stories are strikingly similar. What could explain this?

This book explores answers to that question through three encounters the author and his companions had with individuals they believe to have been the true "celestial goddesses" of *Himalayan* legend, and how the extensive knowledge and teachings of the celestials relates to the profound accomplishments and knowledge of Ancient Egypt. Reveals the extensive teachings the celestials conveyed during the encounters, including astonishing revelations about the universe, the origin of civilization on our planet, and our life and true power. Includes an extensive examination of Ancient Egypt and recent discoveries by astronomers and astrophysicists. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 335. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Egypt here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

• ***The Masters Speak, Twenty-Seven Dialogues***

Platinum Edition Book. The wisdom, knowledge and practices presented in this book arise directly from the esoteric teachings of the profoundly enlightened individuals that the author encountered deep in the *Himalayas*. These teachings can, with proper study and comprehension, enable you to develop abilities that most people consider to be impossible. Yet nothing explained in this volume is supernormal or beyond the ability of a properly

equipped individual. These abilities are not miracles. Quite the contrary. They do not require any capacities that are not inherent in the human species as a whole, if those capacities are properly recognized and diligently developed. A revised edition of *Mystic Wisdom of the Masters*, organized topically for ease of use as a study guide. 2021 Edition, 15 Chapters, 37 Subsections, Kindle page count 405. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, and for Nepal and India here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

• ***Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.***

This book explores compelling evidence that an advanced civilization existed on the Antarctic Continent in the Paleocene epoch, the proof a number of other mysterious cultures existing prior to the last glacial period, i.e., long before the threshold of known history, along with the possible origins of those long forgotten civilizations. Contemporary research reveals a stunning antiquity of civilization on our planet as archaeology unearths buried civilizations and discovers long submerged cities. The evidence of exceedingly ancient civilizations, coupled with the remaining traces of their advanced technologies and abilities, raises profound questions.

Previous academic accounts of the origins of civilization have fallen forfeit to evidence from archaeological sites worldwide, including *Thebes* (c. 37,900 BC), *Edfu* (c. 18,000 BC), Turkey (c. 12,000 BC), Bolivia (c. 15,000 BC), Indonesia (c. 22,000 BC), the Bay of Cambay (c. 9,500 BC), and, most intriguingly, on the Antarctic Continent. The stunning discovery in Antarctica, if fully confirmed, will represent the greatest archaeological find of history.

To explore these remarkable finds, this book has four primary purposes: 1) to present archaeological and other competent evidence demonstrating that civilizations of tremendous antiquity once existed on our planet—evidence either known, inexactly known, or currently tentative; 2) to examine evidence regarding the true age of those civilizations; 3) to explore the possible origins of those civilizations; and 4) to reveal the profound esoteric knowledge and technical abilities possessed by the cultures of those civilizations.

Organization: Part I of this book explores the true antiquity of civilization on this planet, examines the ancient traditions and theogonies that shed light

on the existence and age of prehistoric civilizations, details the substantial evidence for a Paleocene civilization on the Antarctic continent 55 million years ago, and takes an inside look at recent astronomical and cosmological discoveries.

As the study of antiquity is properly accounted purely academic except as it may be made living knowledge which illuminates and enriches our contemporary life, Parts II and III of this book explore the extremely rare arcane knowledge of the ancient world, along with the powerful abilities that can be attained from the study of that knowledge, ones that convey benefits of great value in our modern world.

A truly incomparable book for anyone interested in expanding their knowledge, and especially fascinating for anyone interested in the realities behind the mysteries of Antarctica, the legends of antediluvian civilizations, and ancient extraterrestrial influences. 2021 Edition, Kindle page count 312. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

• ***Prophecies of a Himalayan Sage***

This book explores a remarkable discussion the author had with a true Sage of the ancient *B'on* wisdom tradition, revealing profound insights regarding a wide range of subjects, including Western civilization at this point in its history and evolution. 2021 Edition, Kindle page count 350. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

• ***Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet, The Himalayan Journals of M.G. Hawking***

Free for subscribers to our mailing list, *Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet* is designed for readers new to the books from Wisdom Masters Press and interested in a further exploration of our current offerings.

There has long been a deep desire felt by scholars, both past and present, to recover the silent secrets of the ancient cultures of Tibet and Nepal, to trace the background of their prehistoric spiritual development as derived from ever earlier cultures, and then to discover whatever modern manifestations might still exist in the remote margins of that mysterious world. This desire has exerted a powerful pull on the imaginations of Westerners—historians, philologists, Tibetologists, philosophers, physicists,

and psi researchers alike. "*Mysticism has been in the past and probably ever will be one of the greatest powers of the world*." —Yeats

This book presents a comprehensive anthology of excerpts from eight books containing detailed narratives of Hawking's various experiences and conversations with the truly extraordinary individuals he encountered in remote *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau. Includes a comprehensive book list with descriptions. 2021 Edition, Kindle page count 265. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Nepal and India here. Provided as a free book to those who join our community mailing list. If you wish, you may sign-up for that list here.

• ***The Illumination, A Story of the Magic of Life and The Light***

The Illumination explores an enlightenment experience encountered by the author while in a remote village in the inner *Himalayas*. Examines the idea that enlightenment is the direct experience of a concept expressed by Eastern mystics and sages since the dawn of history, the philosophy of one mind, of the one-consciousness present in all things. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 165. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

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Afterward to U.S. Edition

Our reaction to the foregoing accounts and dialogues will vary with the reach of our vision. The argument of the unenlightened man that the teachings of *Kalika* or other masters is untrue—merely because he himself seems unable to manifest what he desires—is scientifically untenable. The richest gallery of art is boring to one who is blind. The field of the normal man's awareness is, as can be easily demonstrated, narrowly circumscribed and extremely limited. "*Every man takes the limits of his own field of vision for the limits of the*

world.” —Schopenhauer

Beyond the parameters of his work-a-day consciousness, which he assumes to be his only consciousness, are enlarged fields of awareness in which far greater potentials exist. It is my hope that these potentials have herein been illuminated amply enough to encourage the reader to further study and experimentation. The rewards are rich indeed.

Inevitably, questions have arisen with regard to the knowledge presented in this book. I do not refer to any doubts—real or pretended—which hostility or ignorance engenders, for all such are dispelled by study of the text and utilization of the wisdom. To those whose doubt arises via claims coming from certain lesser academic circles that there is a consensus, for example, that psychokinesis and extrasensory perception do not exist, I would caution against unquestioningly accepting such archaic assertions, and refer to recent studies in the field of quantum consciousness and psi research.

As Crichon writes: “I regard consensus science as an extremely pernicious development that ought to be stopped cold in its tracks. Historically, the claim of consensus has been the first refuge of scoundrels; it is a way to avoid debate by claiming that the matter is already settled. Whenever you hear there’s a consensus of scientists agreeing on something or other, reach for your wallet, because you’re being had.”

“*A point of view can be a dangerous luxury when substituted for insight and understanding*.” —Marshall McLuhan

And what of the ancient civilizations of prehistory? In cultural traditions, in the writings of the ancients, and in tantalizingly tangible physical artifacts, there is evidence of civilizations possessed of a high state of culture existing long before the historical ones. Yet, between the outer world and the secrets of these ancient civilizations, a heavy veil has descended. Given their extreme antiquity this is to be expected. The deepest reaches of our oceans are more remote to examination than the surface of the moon. Archeological probing deep beneath the sea bed remains a far-off dream. It is not staggeringly improbable that ineluctable physical evidence of such immemorial civilizations will someday be found, yet for now the extremes of our speculations tend to fall finally into dazzlement; that as on old maps, beyond the farthest limits of the known is the unknown.

The author and all who read this book are indebted to certain very wise

individuals for having made these books possible, and a grateful acknowledgement must also be made to the masters for granting permission to publish this English language edition.

Epilogue: A Menacing Illumination from Antiquity

Two of the individuals described in this book, recently and with noticeable urgency, advised me that the study of antiquity can illuminate our contemporary life, often brilliantly, and that *now* is a crucial time for certain lessons of history to be understood, in particular the great saga of ancient Rome.

The rise of Rome from a crossroads town to world mastery, its achievement of centuries of security and peace from the Crimea to Gibraltar, and from the Euphrates to Hadrian's Wall, its spread of classic civilization over the Mediterranean and western European world, its struggle to preserve its ordered realm from a surrounding sea of barbarism, and its long, slow crumbling and final catastrophic collapse into darkness and chaos—this is surely one of the greatest dramas ever played by humanity.

That multiple panorama has greater meaning for us than simply through its scope and majesty. It resembles significantly, and with menacing illumination, the challenges and problems of our day. This truly is the advantage of studying a past civilization in its total scope and life—that one may compare each stage or aspect of its evolution with a corresponding moment or element of our own cultural trajectory, and be encouraged or warned by what we see in the mirror of an ancient aftermath of a modern phase.

There, in the struggle of Roman civilization against barbarism without and elitism within, is our own struggle; Rome's problems of cultural decay and moral decadence arising from ungoverned immigration are signposts on our road today; the class war of the Gracchi against the Senate, of Marius against Sulla, of Caesar against Pompey, of Anthony against Octavian, is the struggle that now confronts us. The courageous effort of the American soul to maintain freedom against an emerging elitist socialist agenda is an augury of our coming war. *De nobis fabula narratur*—"of ourselves the Roman story is told."

Modern elitists advance their agenda not by knife or club, but via confederates cleverly disguised as media reporters, anchors, and commentators, all eager to herd their audience into the darkness of an intensely dangerous ideology. Utilizing serial repetition of proven falsehoods, brazen fabrications, gross distortions, outrageous omissions of facts, and extreme bias, the mass media's arrogant abandonment of even the pretense of honesty obliterates truth and undermines the fundamental principles of our democracy. No longer rightful journalists in any sense, these agenda-driven advocates have been transformed into nothing more than obedient propagandists.

Those who promise socialism to be both morally and economically superior to capitalism suppress or fraudulently deny the reality that every attempt in history became morally corrupt, economically ruinous, and culturally devastating. As it became clear that the vast majority of Americans viewed as preposterous the call to disdain their "capitalist oppressors," the socialists transitioned from attempts to incite class warfare to the deceitful and absurd propaganda of identity, gender, and race politics. The core oppressor-versus-oppressed "victim" dynamic remains, but now the oppressor is the "white, straight, xenophobic patriarchy," and the "victim" is any person who believes or is manipulated to indulge in the self-fulfilling fantasy of being oppressed.

One would think that the most basic lessons of history and economics have long been resolved in the American mind, that socialism succeeds only in raising a tiny elite to the pinnacle of wealth and power, and inevitably crushes the populace with poverty, mass shortages, civil unrest, oppression, and all too often genocide.

Yet there are those who would drag the naïve amongst the American public into just such a descent into darkness and chaos, one from which they might never recover. "*Those who can make you believe absurdities can make you commit atrocities*," said Voltaire. Not even our worst enemies could have devised such a plan.

Czech writer Milan Kundera once described the struggle against socialism as "*the struggle of memory against forgetting*." The post-Cold War generations have been raised completely unaware of the evils of socialist ideology and its staggering toll of misery and death. "*Those who cannot remember the past*," warned George Santayana, "*are condemned to repeat it*."

And so in America we see the genesis of another vast historical drama—perhaps even greater than that of ancient Rome. Never before has the war between democracy and statism, freedom and tyranny, egalitarianism and elitism, truth and falsehood, enlightenment and obscurantism, genius and ignorance, been more powerfully exposed, or lifted to a greater magnitude of significance.

If we are to retain our liberty, if we are to keep ourselves free, prosperous, secure, and sovereign, we must not ignore the unambiguous lessons of history, we must never lose sight of the wisdom and principles of our founders, and we must not fail to keep ourselves truthfully informed.

* * *

Editor's Notes:

1) It is sometimes inaccurately claimed that socialism is successful in the Nordic countries. It is certainly true that Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark are notable economic successes. What is false is that these countries are socialist. The myth of Nordic socialism is based on a confusion between socialism, meaning government exerting control or ownership of businesses, and common forms of government-provided social safety net programs. The Nordic countries practice entirely capitalist, free market economics paired with relatively high taxes exchanged for generous government entitlement programs. None of these countries have minimum wage laws; workers are paid what they are worth, not paid based on government's perception of what is fair. The Nordic countries' commitment to free markets can also be found in their school choice programs. The government provides families with vouchers for each child. These vouchers can be used to attend regular public schools, charter schools, or private, for-profit schools. The use of government funds to pay for private, for-profit schools is the opposite of socialism. The Nordic countries' commitment to their free-market economies can be found, to cite just a few examples, in their absence of minimum wage laws, in their entirely capitalist business structures, in their low corporate taxes, in their absence of property or inheritance taxes, and in their minimum of government control over businesses. These policies, among many others, are all the exact opposite of socialism

2) Statism, a fundamental component of socialism, is a political system in which the state has complete centralized control over a country's industry, agriculture, transportation, utilities, telecommunication, banks, courts, military, and all social and economic affairs. Put another way, statism is the imposition of absolute control of society by a small, elite group who rule over every aspect of every citizen's life. See, e.g., *Oxford English Dictionary*.

3) In the United States today, recognizing that large numbers of voters cast their ballots based purely on emotional reactions, the socialists' goal of imposing statism is pursed primarily through the constant repetition of emotionally charged issues—e.g., racism, sexism, border control, illegal immigration, global warming, socialized medicine, the "dangers" of free speech under the 1st Amendment, the "dangerous" and "outdated" 2nd Amendment, abortion rights, education, etc.—in the hope of influencing a significant segment of the voting public to disregard history, facts, and logic, to view socialist policies and candidates favorably. See, e.g., Bakunin, 1999; Kvistad, 2009; Cernak, 2011; Levy, *The State After Statism, State Activities in the Age of Liberalization*, Cambridge, 2006; Berg-Schlosser, Morlino, *International Encyclopedia of Political Science*, London, 2011; Cernak, *Totalitarianism*, Oxford Press, 2011; et alia.

4) The author's (Hawking's) reference to socialism's "staggering toll of death" and "genocide" is accurate and deserves elucidation. Under the most modest historical estimates, the number of deaths under socialist-inspired societies exceeds 100 million people, a result of "the absolute corruption that socialism produces." R.J. Rummel, one of the world's most respected academic and political scientists, meticulously documented the bloody legacy resulting from socialist "good intentions" and "common good" planning. The Soviet Union was perhaps the most efficient killing machine in history; approximately 61.9 million people died under the regime as it sought to establish a genuine socialist nation. More than 38.7 million people were murdered by Mao Zedong on behalf of the socialist People's Republic of China. The Socialist Republic of Vietnam murdered more than 1.7 million people. Under Cambodia's Khmer Rouge regime, 2.2 million people were killed. In Africa, socialist regimes have killed more than 1.8 million people. 1.2 million were killed in the Eastern Europe socialist regimes, and 1 million in the Socialist Republic of Yugoslavia. Current estimates record about 160,000 people killed in Latin America under socialist regimes (and counting), and 10,000 deaths from other socialist movements that failed to achieve power. (Estimates do not include war deaths or deaths resulting from starvation.) See, e.g., *Death by Government*, Rudolph Rummel, Transaction Publishing, 1994. See also, *The Black Book: Crimes, Terror, Repression*, Courtois, Werth, Panne, Paczkowski, Bartooek, and Margolin, Harvard University Press, 1997; et alia.

5) Propaganda is neutrally defined as a systematic form of purposeful persuasion designed to influence the emotions, attitudes, opinions, and actions of a specified target audience for ideological, political or commercial purposes through the controlled transmission of one-sided, non-objective messages (which may or may not be factual) via mass and direct media channels. Campaigns of purely propagandist media (ref: CNN, MSNBC) are indifferent to truth or truthfulness, knowledge or understanding, and follow a strategic and unrelenting transmission pattern to fully indoctrinate the target audience in a particular synthesis or perception. See, e.g., *A Chronology and Glossary of Propaganda in the United States*, Greenwood Press, 2016; *Totalitarianism*, Oxford University Press, 2011; *The Idea of Propaganda*, Greenwood, 2002; et alia.

6) Propaganda can be further subdivided as white, grey or black. White propaganda generally discloses its source, relying on omissions and/or distortions of facts to achieve its manipulation through two primary techniques: issue *filtering* (highly selective coverage of issues), and issue *framing* (the manner in which issues are presented). Grey propaganda has an ambiguous, non-disclosed or anonymous source, thus disallowing any verification. Black propaganda purports to originate from other than its actual source, with the intent of subversion. In practice, media outlets such as ABC, CBS, and NBC systematically utilize white propaganda to shape perceptions, manipulate cognitions, and direct behavior to advance a desired narrative or agenda. Media outlets such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times*, and *The Washington Post* utilize grey propaganda to effectively block any attempt to verify or corroborate its content, an essential element when the substance of the propaganda: a) is largely or entirely fabricated, and/or b) is claimed to come from an "anonymous" source that does not actually exist. See, e.g., *The Media's Use of Propaganda*, Stanford University Press, 2018; *Propaganda and Persuasion*, Sage, 1986; et alia.

7) To explore salient evidence of how exceedingly dangerous the media's propaganda campaigns have become, please see, as one of all-too-many examples, *The New York Times* series portraying communist ideology as a wonderfully noble cause in forty glowing articles: "Red Century, Exploring the History and Legacy of Communism, 100 years after the Russian Revolution." *The New York Times*, 40-part series, Feb 24, 2017 to Nov 26, 2017. Interestingly, *no mention* is made of the legacy of millions of people murdered during and after the revolution. And see *The Washington Post* articles, "Let's Have a Good-faith Argument about Socialism" (Mar 11, 2018), and "It's Time to Give Socialism a Try" (Mar 6, 2018), wherein readers find a formerly respected news outlet advocating for outright socialism.

8) This developing crisis has raised alarm for many of the closest international allies of the U.S. who, with the sober analysis allowed by distance, have become increasingly concerned. In late 2018 in the U.K., a private symposium composed of high-ranking members of the intelligence and academic communities reached a stunning conclusion, that many of America's broadcast media organizations (explicitly cited are MSNBC, CNN) have not only fully abandoned the fundamental principals of journalism, but that the manner in which this has occurred and the propaganda techniques they now commonly utilize have as their closest historical parallel the practices employed in 1930s Germany by Joseph Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry. *Survey of Propaganda and Suppression in the U.S. Media,* U.K. MOD Report (Ministry of Defence, *sensu lato* classified document), Oxford Brookes, iii/23-174, 2018. See, *The Media's Use of Propaganda*, Stanford University Press, 2017.

— Jenna Wolfe, Ph.D.

About the Author and Contributors

M.G. Hawking is an avid traveler, adventurer, and writer. Devoted to exploring remote areas of the globe to discover regions unknown to the Western world, always in search of extraordinary people and experiences, he has found many, especially in the Great Range of the Himalayas, the setting for most of his books. His focus is documenting profound wisdom traditions and revealing the knowledge and power they convey. Hawking is the author of the book series, '*In The Valley of Supreme Masters*,' along with its associated companion volumes. When not traveling, he spends his time working on projects related to presenting books of an esoteric nature with his wonderful team in Northern California. Heather Cantrell, M.Litt., contributor and editor for Wisdom Masters Press, is an experienced world traveler. Having been born in Nepal to British parents who were teachers in various parts of Asia, she has extensive experience in the Himalayas, and is a devoted equestrian and animal lover. Amber Chellings, M.Phil., contributor and newsletter director, is an avid photographer, outdoor enthusiast and ardent equestrian. Jenna Wolfe, Ph.D., our exceptional research expert, contributor and book content supervisor, is a primary link to our numerous academic technical advisers.

About Wisdom Masters Press

The purpose of Wisdom Masters Press is to reveal the exceedingly rare esoteric knowledge and practices of profoundly enlightened individuals. Years ago, while on an extended trek in the *Himalayan* Range, Hawking

encountered a remote village deep in the vast wilderness of massive ice peaks, a village called *Siddhalaya*. There he had the privilege of meeting a number of extraordinary men and women—introduced to him as “masters” and “adepts”—possessed of a knowledge and a power virtually unknown in the Western world.

Our team’s intent is to bring this knowledge to light. We work very hard to produce volumes that are of exceptional value. In these books you will meet these remarkable masters and hear first-hand their expressions and explanations of the fundamental knowledge, essential principles of consciousness, and methods of visualization that manifest as astonishing creative powers.

Fragments of their knowledge have at various times through the millennia appeared in esoteric literature, in the more profound Eastern philosophies, and in the occult wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that conveys true power has an primordial origin, believed to have originally been transported to ancient Egypt from an antediluvian, mid-Atlantic civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world.

In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various presentations, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters. As so many people have been deeply disappointed to learn, attaining the ability to directly manifest whatever persons, circumstances and events you desire to experience in your life cannot be truly or fully achieved through simplistic concepts of “positive thinking” or some alleged “secret,” simply because a great deal is missing in those “new age” writings.

Therefore, we resolved to work diligently to reveal directly from true masters the principles, illumination, guidance and techniques necessary to create a superlative life. This knowledge can wholly transform your experience of this world in every positive way imaginable. It can, therefore, be of great value.

If you wish, you can sign-up for our community mailing list here to receive free books, book discounts, updates, and other news. Currently free books, new releases, and other deals can be seen in our newsletter. Thank you.

Reference Guide to Individuals Appearing in this Series -

Lama Karpa - The High Lama of *Siddhalaya*, Adept, mentor

Lama Dhanaga - Second Lama of *Siddhalaya*, teacher, mentor

Master R.K. - Adept of the Egyptian Mystic Wisdom Tradition

Master Amrita, the “tall one” - Adept of the *Himalayan* Mystic Wisdom Tradition

Masteress Lemia, Lemia, ‘Mia - High Adept, Ascended Master

Kenji - A man surrounded by mystery, Adept, High Shaman and much more

Sari - An extraordinary young lady, significant other to the author

Shrina - Sari and Chiricu’s younger sister, a wonderful but difficult girl

Jampla - Sherpa, Chiricu’s husband

Chiricu - Sari and Shrina’s older sister, Jampla’s wife

Dehtati - Deceased older sister of Chiricu, Sari, and Shrina

Mani - born in Tibet, mentored by a *B’on* master in ancient arts of *B’on* magic or “sorcery”

Fenn - Resident of *Siddhalaya*, originally from Norway, Maxi’s husband

Maxi - Resident of *Siddhalaya*, originally from Sweden, Fenn’s wife

Chapadu - Treasurer Discoverer (*tertoen*) in the tradition of Karma Lingpa

Kammara, Kamma’ - Chapadu’s wife

Ratna-hava, the Oracle - An unusual Adept, warrior

Shammara, Shamma’ - Sorceress, Guardian

Alsia - Sorceress, Guardian

Aani - *Ri-iha-mo*, mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Proci - *Ri-iha-mo*, mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Marit - *Ri-iha-mo*, mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Padma Sambhava - the great adept’s Adept, one of a group of eighty-four great adepts, author of some of the most significant spiritual texts in history

Kalika-Khenmetaten, Kalika - Supreme Egyptian Female Adept, author of *The Golden Crown* and *The Crown of Light*, circa 1368 B.C.

Akhenaten, Amenhotep IV - King of Egypt from about 1380 to 1362 B.C., *Kalika’s* patron

Tairanna, Tai' - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Lakai - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Therika - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Puka - Sari's cat

Koshi - Mani's pet robin

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